

IL

12. 9. 1/2.
28. 31. #

PASTOR FIDO,

The faithfull Shepherd.

A PASTORALL

Written in Italian by *BAPTISTA*
GUARINI, a Knight
of ITALIE.

And *now* Newly Translated out of
the ORIGINAL.

Translated by J. Michals Transluc.




LONDON,


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To the most Illustrious and most hopefull
PRINCE CHARLES,
Prince of WALES.

S I R,

 Hilst I had the honour to serve your *Highbnesse*, I did it (how weakly soever) with that fidelity and dutifull affection to your Person, which found your gracious acceptance, together with some encouragement from your own mouth to hope a new and more fixt relation to you in the future; the onely suit I was bold to make: as having ever esteemed that to serve your *Highbnesse*, would of it self be an abundant reward for having served you.

In the meantime I hold my self bound to pay your *Highbness* some tribute of my hours of vacancy, presenting to your Princely view for the present this *Italian Pastorall*, into which the no lesse wise then witty *Guarini* (having grown unprofitably grey in *Travell*, *Universities*, and *Courts*, as out of the fifth Act, where he personates himself under the name of old *Carino*, may be collected) infused whatsoever of excellent so eminent *Schools* could teach so apt a *Scholer*. His scope therein being, to make a *Dernier effort* (as the French call it) or generall muster of the whole forces of his Wit before his Princely Master (the then *Duke*

of Savoy) and withall to insinuate and bring into that aw-
full presence, in their masking clothes (as I may say) such
principles of Vertue, and knowledge *Morall, Politicall, and*
Theologicall, as (peradventure) in their own grave habits,
out of the mouthes of severer Instruētcs, would not have
found so easie admittance to a Prince in the heat of his
youth, heightned with the pomp and flatteries that attend
on Greatnesse, and with the glorious triumphs and felici-
ties of his royall Nuptials then celebrating: though this
was the same *Charles Emanuel* who proved afterwards in
his riper yeers, by his Councels and by his Prowesse, the
Bulwark indeed of *Italie*, against the puissance of the great
Henry of France himself, your Highnesse most renowned
Grandfather.

* Your Highnesse may have seen at *Paris* a Picture (it is
in the Cabinet of the *great Chancellor* there) so admirably
design'd, that, presenting to the common beholders a mul-
titude of little faces (the famous Ancestors of that Noble
man); at the same time, to him that looks through a *Per-
spective* (kept there for that purpose) there appears onely
a single portrait in great of the *Chancellor* himself; the Pain-
ter thereby intimating, that in him alone are contracted
the Vertues of all his Progenitors; or perchance by a more
subtile Philosophy demonstrating, how the *Body Politick*
is composed of many *naturall ones*; and how each of these,
intire in it self, and consisting of head, eyes, hands, and the
like, is a head, an eye, or a hand in the other: as also, that
mens *Privates* cannot be preserved, if the *Publick* be de-
stroyed, no more then those little Pictures could remain in
being,

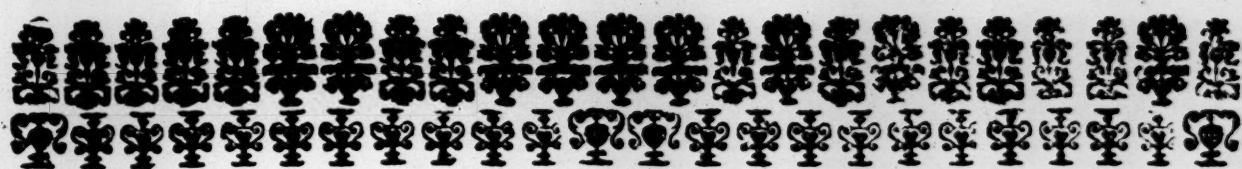
being, if the great one were defaced : which great one likewise was first and chiefeſt in the Painters deſigne, and *that* for which all the reſt were made.

Juſt ſo our Authour (expoſing to *ordinary view* an Enterlude of Shepherds, their loves, and other little concerns, with the ſtroke of a lighter pencill) preſents through the *perspective* of the *Chorus*, another and more ſuitable object to his *Royall Spectators*. He ſhews to *them* the image of a *gaffing State* (once the moſt flourishing in the world) : *A wild Boar (the ſword)* depopulating the *Country* : *the Peſtilence* unpeopling the *Towns* : their gods themſelves in the mercileſſe *humane Sacrifices* exacting bloody contribution from *both* : and the *Prieſts (a third Eſtate of miſery)* bearing the burthen of *all* in the *Chorus*, where they deplore their *owne* and the *common Calamitie*. Yet in the *Cataſtrophe*, *the Boar ſlain* ; *the Peſtilence* (but this was before upon that miſerable compoſition with their Gods) *ceaſed* ; *the Prieſts* above all others *exulting* with pious joy : and all this miraculous change occaſioned by the preſaged Nuptials of two of Divine (that is, Royall) extraction ; meaning thoſe at that time of the *Duke of Savoy* with the *Infanta of Spain*, from which fortunate Conjunction hee prophesies a finall period to the troubles that had formerly diſtracted that State : *So much depends upon the Marriages of Princes*.

I am not ignorant (*Sir*) that this famous *Dramatick Poem* muſt have loſt much of the life and quickneſſe by being powred out of one veſſell (that is, one *Language*) into another, beſides what difference may be in the capacity and mettle

mettle of the Vessels themselves (the *Italian* being transcendently both copious and harmonious), and beside the unsteadinesse of the hand that powres it; And that a *Translation* at the best is but the *mock-Rainbow* in the clouds, faintly imitating the true one: into which *Apoll* himself had a full and immediate influence.

Yet because it seems to me (beholding it *at the best light*) a *Lantskip* of these Kingdoms, (your *Royall Patrimony*) as well in the former flourishing, as the present distraction thereof, I thought it not improper for your Princely notice at this time, thereby to occasion your Highness, even in your recreations, to reflect upon the sad *Originall*, not without hope to see it yet speedily made a perfect *parallell* throughout; and also your self a great Instrument of it. Whether by some happy Royall Marriage (as in this *Pastorall*, and the case of *Savoy*, to which it alludes) thereby uniting a miserably divided people in a publick joy; or by such other wayes and means as it may have pleased the *Divine Providence* to ordain for an *end of our woe*; I leave to that Providence to determine.



To the Authour of this TRANSLATION.



*Such is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate.
But what in them is want of wit, or voice,
In thee is either Modestie, or Choice.*

*Whiles this restored work at thy command
Casts off the blemish of an artlesse hand.
Secure of Fame, thou justly dost esteeme
Lesse honour to create, then to redeem.
Nor ought a Genius lesse then his that writ,
Attempt Translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder Climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vitall spirit, but a vitall heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effects of Poetry, but pains.*

(a)

Cheap

Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrownesse affords
No slight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make Translations, and Translators too.
They but preserve the Ashes, Thou the Flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Foording his current, where thou find'st it low
Lei'st in thine own to make it rise and flow.
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,
Betray'st his Musick to unhappy Rimes,
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinnewed length :
Yet after all (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some Scenes, some persons alter'd, had outfac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank't & prais'd for what was lesse their own.
That curious hand which to the life can trace
The ayrs, the lines, and features of a face,
May with a free and bolder stroke expresse
A varied posture, or a flatt'ring Dresse;
He could have made those like, who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

JOHN DENHAM.

The Scene **ARCADIA.**

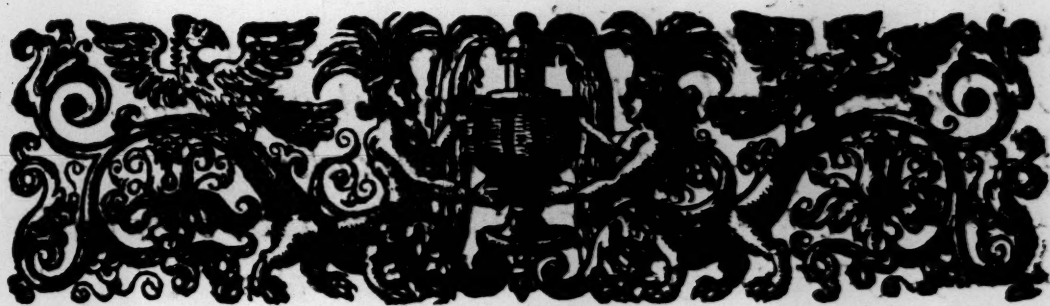
THE SPEAKERS.

SILVIO,	Son to <i>Montano</i> , & contracted to <i>Amarillis</i> .
LINCO	An old man, servant to <i>Montano</i> .
MIRTILLO,	In love with <i>Amarillis</i>
ERGASTO,	Friend to <i>Mirtillo</i>
CORISCA,	A wanton Nymph, in love with <i>Mirtillo</i>
MONTANO,	The chief Priest, Father to <i>Silvio</i>
TITIRO,	Father to <i>Amarillis</i>
DAMETA,	An old man, servant to <i>Montano</i>
SATYR,	An old gotish fellow in love with <i>Corisca</i>
DORINDA,	In love with <i>Silvio</i>
LUPINO,	A Goat-herd, servant to <i>Dorinda</i>
AMARILLIS,	Daughter to <i>Titiro</i>
NICANDRO,	Chief Minister to the Priest
CORIDON,	In love with <i>Corisca</i>
CARINO,	An old man supposed Father to <i>Mirtillo</i>
URANIO,	An old man Friend to <i>Carino</i>
MESSENGER.	
TIRENIO,	A blind Prophet.

CHORUS of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Shepherds.} \\ \textit{Huntsmen.} \\ \textit{Nymphs.} \\ \textit{Priests.} \end{array} \right.$



(1)



IL PASTOR FIDO.

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by A L F E O,
a River of ARCADIA.



F from old Fame, and peradventure not
Believ'd at all by you, or else forgot,
O'th Amorous Brook ye heard the wonder ever,
Which to pursue the coy and flying River
Of his beloved Arethusa, ran
(O force of Love!) piercing the Ocean,
And the earth's hidden bowels, to that Isle,
Where underneath the huge Etnean Pile

B.

Upon

The Prologue.

Upon his back the kicking Gyant lies,
 Spitting despightfull flames at hostile Skies,
 And leaves it doubtfull to the world that's under,
 If heav'n at him, or he at heaven thunder :

That Brook am I. Though what you have been told
 Ye may, your eyes ye cannot doubt. Behold !

Leaving my loved Nymph, and thridding back
 That well known way where I had made a track

Through the great waters, I in person rise
 And view (with tears of gladnesse in mine eyes)

That ancient and that venerable earth

From whose cold entrails I receiv'd my birth,
 Not thrall'd and plundred (as of late) but free

And beautifull as it was wont to be.

O my deer mother ! O Arcadia, known

By me thy son, though so long absent ! owne
 Thy deer, and (being improv'd by travell) now

Thy great A L F E O, and as fam'd as thou.

These be the streets once so renown'd, these be
 The woods where the old russet honestie

Did live and die : unto this onely nook

O'th iron world, when she her flight had took

From sinfull men, the golden age retir'd.

Here (that which elsewhere is in vain desir'd)

Freedome unstrain'd, and from suspicion free,
 Flourish'd in peace and sweet securitie.

An unarm'd people had for their defence

A wall of Vertue, and of Innocence,

The Prologue.

3

Stronger then that whose living stones were layd
About great Thebes, whilst he that built it playd.
For when tumultuous war flam'd most in Greece
And other her more warlike Provinees
Arcadia arm'd, to this blest part alone,
This Sanctuary, there was never known
The least Alarm, the least sound to come,
Or of a friends, or of an en'mies Drum.
And so much Corinth, Thebes, Mycene hop't
To triumph o're their foes, as they were propt
By this good people, and their care were held,
Who were the Care of Heav'n, whom heav'n upheld.
A blessed mutuell bulwark they did prove,
Those to these here, and these to those above:
Those fought with weapons, and these fought with Pray'r
Nor though each here a shepherds habit ware,
And bore the name; yet either in his meen,
Or exercises, was the shepherd seen.
But some would place themselves as spies to prie:
Into the Starres and Elements (the high
Secrets of Heav'n and Nature) others here
Were wholly giv'n to chase the fearfull Deer:
Others, whom glory had inflamed more,
T' encounter with a Bear, or tusked Bore.
Some swift in running, some were terrible
At Barriers, some in wrastling did excell;
One threw a dart, another drew a flight,
Both hit with cunning the intended white.

The Prologue.

Some one thing, some another did affect,
 (Each as his minde and fancie did direct)
 The sacred Muses Most, Virgins of yore
 In high esteem, though now despis'd and poor.

But how transported hither where the Po
 Falls into Dora, is Arcadia now?
 This is the cloyster surely, this the cave
 Of ancient Erycina, and that brave
 Aspiring Temple yonder is the same
 Was consecrated to great Cynthia's name:
 How then remov'd? What new-come power can so
 Transplant a Land, and all the People? O
 Royall Infanta, but a child in age,
 Yet ev'n already as a Matron sage!
 The vertue of your Name, power of your Blood
 Great Catherina (now 'tis understood)
 Wrought this; from that great House descended, which
 New Kingdoms daily, and new worlds enrich.
 Those great effects which we as wonders view,
 Are naturall and usuall things with you.
 As by that Sun which from the East doth rise,
 So many excellent varieties
 Are brought into the world, herbs, flow'rs & trees,
 So many beasts, fowl, fish, in earth, ayr, seas:
 So by the living Sun of your bright eyes
 (which in the now more warshipt West did rise)
 New Provinces from every Climate about,
 New Realms, new Laurels, and new Trophies sprout.

The Prologue

5

Low at my bottome then I bow to you,
Majestick Daughter of that Monarch, who
Enjoyes an Empire, so August, so great,
That Phoebus in it doth both rise and set:
And Wife of him, to whose dress, hand, and wit
Heav'n did the wals of Italie commit.

But Alpien rocks are needed now no more,
Bulwarks, nor horrid cliffes to stand before
Fair Italie, securer in your guard
Then in those hils which have her entrance barr'd.
That bulwark so invincible in war,
You make soft Peace's Temple, where from far
Men come to worship her. Long live as one
Yee Royall pair; this fair Conjunction
Presages Christendome again shall boast
Those many Eastern Scepters she hath lost.
This is a field worthy of none but you
(Magnanimous CHARLES) and a field trodden too
By your brave Ancestors. This Land is great,
Great are your names, great blond in you is met;
Great your designs, your minds, and your aspects,
Great off-spring too, and deeds the world expects.

But whilst I prophesie, and Fate prepares
Circles of gold to crown your silver hairs,
Disdain not (mighty Souls) this flowry wreath
Gatherd on Pindus by those Maids that breath
Life in dead men. Poor offering (I confesse)
Yet such as, if Devotion it expresse,

Ev'n

The Prologue: IT

Ea'n Heav'n it self disdains not: And if from
 Your smiling heav'n a fav'ring gale shall come,
 This Lute which from its gentle warbling strings
 Sending still Musick to your ears, now sings
 Soft Loves, and pleasing Hymeneall Rites,
 Shall turn a Trumpet to proclaim your Fights.



Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

SILVIO, LINCO, *With Huntsmen.*

Sil. **G**O you that lodg'd the Monster, as y'are wont
Amongst the neighb'ring sheepcoats, raise the Hunt.
Rowse eyes and hearts with your shrill voice and horn;
If ever in Arcadia there were born
A shepherd, who did follow *Cynthia's* Court
As a true lover of her rurall sport,
Within whose Quarry-scorning mind had place
The pleasure or the glory of the Chase,
Now let him show that courage and that love,
By following me, where in a little grove
To Valour a large field doth open lye,
That dreadfull Boar, I mean, that Prodigy
Of Nature and the Woods, that huge, that fell,
And noted'st Tyrant that did ever dwell
And reign in Erimanthus; the fields mower,
The mowers terror: Go you then before,

And

And do not only with your early horn
 Anticipate, but wake the drowfie morn. — *Exeunt Hunts.*
 We, *Linco*, will to prayers, this perilous Chase *sounding.*
 (Heav'n being our guide) we may more boldly trace.

“That work which is begun well is half done,

“And without Prayer no work is well begun.

Lin. Thy worshipping the Gods I well commend,
 But not thy troubling them who do attend
 The Gods: The Priests as yet are all asleep,
 To whom day springs yet later, where the steep
 Surrounding hills a short Horizon make.

Sil. To thee whose heart is hardly yet awake
 The whole world sleeps. *Lin.* O *Silvio*, *Silvio*,
 Why did frank Nature upon thee bestow
 Blossoms of Beauty in thy prime, so sweet
 And fair, for thee to trample under feet?
 Had I thy fresh and blooming cheek, Adieu
 I'd say to beasts, and nobler game pursue.
 The Summer I would spend in feasts and mirth
 In the cool shade, the Winter by the hearth.

Sil. How's this? Thou art not *Linco* sure; for he
 Such counsell never us'd to give to me.

Lin. “Counsell must change as the occasion doth:
 If I were *Silvio*, so I'd do insooth.

Sil. And I, if I were *Linco* would do so,
 But as I am, I'll do like *Silvia*.

Lin. Fond youth, for a wild Beast so far to roame,
 Whom thou must hunt with danger, when at home

One's safely lodg'd ! *Sil.* Dost thou speak seriouſlie ?
How neer is it ? *Lin.* As thou art now to me.

Sil. Th'art mad. *Lin.* Thou art. *Sil.* In what wood
doth hee reſt ?

Lin. *Silvio*'s the wood, and Cruelty the beaſt.

Sil. Mad I was ſure ! *Lin.* To have a Nymph ſo fair,
(Rather a Goddeſſe of perfections rare)
Freſher and ſweeter then a Roſe new blown,
Softer and whiter then an old Swans down,
For whom there lives not at this day a ſwain
So proud 'mongſt us but ſighs, and ſighs in vain :
To have, I ſay, this matchleſſe Paragon
By Gods and men reſerv'd for thee, nay, thrown
Into thine arms without one ſigh or tear,
And thou (unworthy !) to diſvalue her ?
Art thou not then a beaſt ? a ſavage one ?
Rather a ſenſeleſſe clod, a ſtock, a ſtone ?

Sil. “ If not to be in love be cruelty,
“ Then cruelty 's a Vertue : Nor do I
Repent, but boaſt, I lodge him in my breaſt
By whom I 've conquerd Love, the greater beaſt.

Lin. How couldſt thou conquer (ſilly Idiot)
Whom thou nere try'dſt ? *Silv.* In that I try'd
him not.

Lin. O hadſt thou try'd him *Silvio*, and once found
In mutuall Lovers what true joyes abound,
I know thou'ldſt ſay, O Love, the ſweeteſt gueſt,
Why haſt thou been an alien to this breaſt ?

*Leave, leave the woods, leave following beasts, fond boy,
And follow Love.. Sil. Linco, I take more joy
In one beast caught by my Melampo, far,
Then in the love of all the Nymphs that are.
Keep they those joyes unto themselves alone
That finde a soul in them; for I finde none.*

*Lin. No soul in Love (the world's great Soul)? But fool,
Too soon (believe't) thou'lt finde he is all soul:
(Perchance too late;) for "hee'll be sure before
"We die, to make us all once feel his power.
And (take my word) "worse torment none can prove,
"Then in old limbs the youthfull itch of love:
"All tampring then will but exasperate
"The sore. If Love a young man wound, he straight
"Balms him again, hope holds up sorrows head,
"And smiles revive him, if frowns strike him dead.
"But if an aged man those flames endure,
"Whose own defects his own repulse procure,
"Then, then the wound is unsupportable
"And mortall; then the anguish is a Hell:
"Then if he pity seek, it is a curse
"To go without it, and to gain't a worse.
"Ah! hasten not before th'appointed day
"The curse of dayes; for if when thou art gray
"Thou learn to love, 'twill breed a double sence,
"Of thy youth's pride, and age's impotence.*

*Leave, leave the woods, leave following beasts, fond boy,
And follow Love. Sil. As if there were no joy*

But these Chimera's in a Lovers head,
Of strange Eliziums, by his feaver bred !

Lin. Tell me if in this jolly month of May,
When earth is clad in all her best array,
In stead of bladed fields, brooks uncontroul'd,
Green woods and painted meads, thou shouldst behold
Bald fields and meads, brooks bound with Ice, the Pine,
The Beech, the Ash, the Oak, the Elm, the Vine,
And Poplar, like inverted Sceletones,
Stand defolate, ratling their naked bones ;
Wouldst thou not say, Nature is out of tune,
The world is sick, and like to dye in June ?
Now the same horreur which thou wouldst receive
From such a monstrous noveltie, conceive
At thine own self. " The all-disposing Heav'n
" To ev'ry age hath proper Humors giv'n :
" And as in old men love absurdly shows ;
" So young men enemies to love oppose
" Nature and Heav'n. Look *Silvio* round about,
Examine the whole Universe throughout :
All that is fair or good, here, or above,
Or is a Lover, or the work of Love.
Th' all-seeing Heav'n, the fruitfull Earth's a Lover,
The Sea with love is ready to boil over.
Seest thou yon Star of such excelling hew,
The Suns Postillion ? That's a lover too :
Nor is exempted from her own son's laws,
But feels that passion which her beauties cause.

Perchance this very hour too shee did part
 From her stoln sweets, and Him that keeps her heart.
 Mark what a wanton eye she has! In woods
 Rough Bears, the crook-backt Dolphin loves in floods,
 And sluggish Whales; That little bird which sings
 So sweetly, and so nimbly plyes the wings,
 Flying from tree to tree, from Grove to Grove,
 If he could speak, would say, *I am in love.*
 But his heart sayes it, and his tongue doth say't
 In language understood by his deer Mate:
 And *Silvio*, heark how from that wildernesse
 His dear Mate answers, *And I love no lesse.*
 The Cowes low in the valley; and what's this
 But an inviting unto amorous blisse?
 The Lions roar in solitary Groves,
 Not for their prey, but for their absent Loves.
 All things that are, but *Silvio*, are in love,
 The burthen's that: Here, round us, and above,
 No soul but *Silvio* is a foe to joy.
Leave, leave the woods, leave following beasts, fond boy,
And follow Love. *Sil.* Had I my tender yeers
 Committed to the care of thy gray hairs,
 That thou shouldst thus effeminate my heart
 With love? Knowst thou who I am? who thou art?
Lin. Thou art a man (or shouldst be one) and I
 Another; what I teach Humanity.
 And if thou scorn that name (which is my pride)
 Take heed, in stead of being deifi'd,

Thou turn not beast. *Sil.* That monster-taming King,
From whom my lofty pedigree I bring,
Had never grown so valiant, nor so fam'd,
If first the monster Love he had not tam'd.

Lin. See foolish youth, how idly thou talkst now !
Had great *Alcides* been no Lover, how
Hadst thou been born ? Rather, if he ore came
Monsters and men, to Love impute the same.
Knowst thou not yet, that to comply with fair
Omphales humour, he not onely ware
(In stead of the fierce Lions rugged skin)
Womens soft robes, but taught those hands to spin,
And hold a feeble distaffe, which did bear
The knotty Club ? His interludes these were
Between his A&s ; And when his ribs were beat
With dear-bought Counquests, he would then retreat
Into her lap (the bay of sweet delight)
As in Love's port to be new built for fight.
" His sighs from his past toils sweet breathings were,
" And spirits strengthning him new toils to bear.
" For as the iron, of it self too rough,
" And of a harsh unmanageable stuffe,
" Softned with fire, and gentler metall, strength
" From weaknesse gathers, and becomes at length
" Fit for the noblest use : so hearts untam'd,
" (Which their own stifnesse often breaks) inflam'd
" With generous Love, and with his sweets allay'd,
" Are cleerer, apter for great Actions made.

If

If th'art ambitious then to imitate
 Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate
 From thy high strain, since woods thou dost affect,
Follow the woods, but do not Love neglect :
 I mean so lawfull and so worthy love
 As that of *Amarillis*. I approve
 (So far from blaming that as cruelty)
 Thy shunning of *Dorinda* ; For in thee
 Who standst upon thy bloud, 'twere double shame
 To scorch thy brest with an unlawfull flame,
 For injuring thy Spouse. *Sil.* What saist thou man ?
 Shee is not yet my Spouse. *Lin.* Was there not than
 A promise solemnly receiv'd and giv'n ?
 Take heed proud Boy, how thou provokest Heav'n.

Sil. "Man's freedom is Heav'n's gift, which doth not take
 "Us at our word when forced vows we make.

Lin. I, but (unlesse our hopes and judgements fail)
 Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to entail
 A thousand blessings on't. *Sil.* 'Tis like that there
 Is nothing else to do ; a proper care
 To vex the calm rest of the gods above !

Linco, I like nor this, nor t'other Love.
 I was a Huntsman, not a Lover bred ;
 Thou who art all for love, go back to bed.

Lin. Thou sprung from Heav'n, harsh Boy ? nor of divine
 Can I suppose thee, nor of humane Line.

Alecto's poyson thy cold limbs did fashion ;
 Sweet *Venus* had no hand in thy creation.

Scena secunda.

MIRTILLO, ERGASTO.

Mirt. O *Amarillis*, Authresse of my flame,
(Within my mouth how sweet now is thy name!
But in my heart how bitter!) *Amarillis*,
Fairer and whiter then the whitest Lillies,
But crueller then cruell Adders far,
Which having stung (least they should pitie) bar
Their ears, and flie: If then by speaking I
Offend thee, I will hold my peace and die.
I'll hold my peace, but what will that do good,
If hills and dales roar for me, and this wood
Which thy deer name can nere forget, from me
So often heard, and carv'd on every tree?
The windes shall sigh for me, the fountains shed
Abundant tears, grief mourn, and pitie plead.
Or couldst thou bribe whole Nature with a fee
To silence, lastly Death shall speak for me:
Hee'll thunder 't out, and to the world proclaim,
I dy'd a Martyr in my true Loves flame.

Erg. Mirtillo, "Love is a great pain at best,
"But more, by how much more it is suppress.
"For as hot Steeds run faster at the check,
"Then if you laid the reins upon their neck:

"So

"So love restrain'd augments, and fiercer growes
 "In a close prison, then when loose he goes.
 Why hidst thou thy flames cause so long from me,
 When the effect could not concealed be?
Mirtillo burns: how often have I said?
 But inward burns, and will not call for aid.

Mirt. Courteous *Ergasto*, out of my respect
 To her (alas) I did my self neglect:
 Nor would my festring passion yet unfold,
 But that necessity hath made me bold.
 I hear a buzzing rumour every-where
 (Which to my heart findes passage through my ear)
 That *Amarillis* shortly weds; nor dare
 Ask more, lest so I should my love declare,
 Or prove my fear too true. Full well I know
 (Nor hath Love strook me blind) that in my low
 And slender fortunes, it were simple pride
 To hope a Nymph so shap't, so qualifi'd,
 So rais'd in wealth, in spirit, and in blood,
 Above all these, so gentle, and so good,
 Can ere be mine: no, I have tane the height
 Of my unhappy Star, my fullen fate
 Made me for fuell onely, born to smother
 In fires I cannot kindle in another.
 Yet since Fate's pleas'd I should affect death more
 Than life, at least I'd have her know before,
 That shee's beholding to me for my death,
 And deigne when I sigh out my latest breath

To cast her fair eyes on me, and say, *Dye*.
This reasonable boon obtain would I,
That ere she go to make another blest
In having her, shee'd hear me speak at least,
But once, my deer *Ergasto*. Now if love
Or pitie of me thy soft entrails move,
Procure me this, this physick onely lend,
To make the passage easie to my end.

Erg. From one that loves, a just, from one that dies,
A small request : yet a hard enterprize.
Woe be to her, should her stern father hear
That to stoln prayr's she ere had lent an ear !
Or if some baser pick-thank should disclose
It to the Priest her father-in-law ! Who knows
But out of these respects she may eschew
Thy company, and yet affect thee too ?
" For women are more prone to love then men ;
" But to conceal't have more discretion then.
And if 'twere true that she did love thee, what
Could shee do lesse then shun thee for all that ?
" She that wants power to help listens in vain,
" And flies with pity, when her stay breeds pain ;
" And I have heard 'tis still the wisest course
" To quit that soon which one must quit perforce.

Mir. O were this true, and could I think it so,
Sweet were my pain, and fortunate my woe !
But deer *Ergasto* (hide it not from me
So help thee *Pan*) who may this Bridegroom be

So lov'd of all the Starres? *Erg.* Dost thou not know
 (I'm sure thou dost) that famous *Silvio*,
Silvio the rich, the gallant and the fair,
 The Priest *Montano*'s onely Son and Heir?
 'Tis he. *Mir.* O happy youth, whose joy appears
 So ripe for harvest in his spring of yeers!
 Pardon me gentle swain, I envie not
 Thy happinesse, but mourn my own hard lot.

Erg. Indeed there is no reason to envy,
 Rather to pity him. *Mirt.* To pity? Why?

Erg. Because he loves her not. *Mirt.* And hath he wit?
 Hath he a heart? Is he not blind? — And yet
 When I consider with what full aspect
 Her starry eyes their influence direct
 Into my brest, she cannot have a dart
 Left in her quiver for another heart.

But why do they a gemme so precious throw
 To one that knows it not, and scorns it so?

Erg. Because the Heav'ns did through this Marriage
 Unto Arcadia long ago presage
 Deliverance. Hast not thou heard that here
 Is paid to the great Goddesse ev'ry yeer
 Of a Nymph's guiltlesse bloud a cruell and
 Unconscionable tribute by this Land?

Mirt. 'Tis news to me; nor let that strange appear,
 Since I my self am but a stranger here,
 And since I came (by Fate's decree and Love's)
 Almost a constant Burgesse of the Groves.

But what strange crime deserv'd so sharp a doom?
How could such monstrous cruelty finde room
In a Celestiall minde? *Erg.* Of me then know
From the first head the torrent of our wo:
A Story that would tears of pitie wrest
From heart of oak, much more from humane brest.
Whilest yet the Priesthood was not ty'd to age,
A youthfull swain of noble Parentage,
Then *Dian's* Priest (*Aminta* was his name)
The Nymph *Lucrina* did with love enflame.
All creatures of her sex exceeded thee
As much in beauty as unconstancie.
She long requited, or at least to fight
(If looks and eyes have tongues) she did requite
The pure affection of the Love-sick lad,
And fed his hopes whilst he no Rivall had.
But when a rustick swain her favour sought,
(See now a perfect woman!) in a thought,
She left the former, with one sigh was shook,
With the faint batt'ry of one amorous look:
Her hearts new guest now takes up all the room,
Dislodg'd *Aminta* ere he knew for whom.
Haplesse *Aminta*! who from that day forth
Was so abhorr'd, held of so little worth,
By that ungrate whom he did still adore,
That she would neither hear nor see him more.
If this unkindnesse cut the wretch to th' heart,
If he sigh'd, wept, and rav'd, to thee who art

Acquainted with Love's pangs, I leave to ghesse.

Mir. O, 'Twas a torment no man can expresse!

Erg. When then his tears and prayers he had cast
After his heart, to Dian turn'd at last;

If ever with pure heart Goddesse (quoth he)

And guiltlesse hand I kindled flame to thee,

Revenge my faith, which a perfidious Maid

Under safe conduct of her smiles betraid.

The Goddesse (gentler then the Nymph was) hears

The faithfull Lover's and her servant's tears

And prayr's: and pity kindling her just ire,

By opposition did augment the fire.

Her pow'rfull bow into her hand she took,

And in ARCADIA'S wretched bosome stuck

Arrows of death and catching Pestilence

Invisible, and therefore without fence.

Without remorse they execute her rage

Without respect on every sex and age.

Nor Antidotes nor Med'cines here avail'd,

Nor flying now; weak Art her Master fail'd:

And oft, whilst he the remedy apply'd,

Before the Patient the Physician dy'd.

The onely hope that's left is from the skie,

So to the neereft Oracle they flie,

Which soon return'd an answer cleer enough,

But above measure terrible and rough;

That Cinthia was incens'd, but that the Land

Might be reliev'd, if by Aminta's hand

That faithlesse Nymph Lucrina, or some one
For her, of the Arcadian Nation
Were as an offering to Diana slain.
 So she, when long sh' had pray'd, long wept in vain,
 And long expected her new Lovers ayd,
 To th' holy Altars like a Bride array'd,
 And with what pomp Religion could devise,
 Was led a miserable Sacrifice.
 Where at those feet from which hers fled so fast,
 (The feet of her Idolater) at last
 Bending her trembling knees, she did attend
 From the offended youth a cruell end.
 The sacred knife he boldly did unsheathe,
 Rage and revenge his nostrils seem'd to breathe,
 His eyes to sparkle; turning then to her,
 Said with a sigh (death's hollow messenger,)
 Whom thou hast left *Lucrina*, and whom took,
 Learn by this blow: And with that word he strook
 Himself, and plung'd the knife in his own brest
 To th' hilt: In one both Sacrifice and Priest
 Fell bleeding at her feet, whilst she (amaz'd
 To see that dire unlookt for object) gaz'd
 As one 'twixt life and death, nor yet did know
 If grief had stab'd her, or the threatned blow.
 But when she found her tongue again, and knew
 Distinctly what was acted there, O true,
 O brave *Aminta*, (bathing in a flood
 Of tears) she said! O Lover, understood!

Too late ! who by thy death dost give to me
 Both life and death. It in forsaking thee
 I sinn'd ; lo, I redeem that sin of mine,
 Wedding my soul eternally to thine.
 This said, that knife fresh reeking with the gore
 Of the now lov'd in death, and purpled ore,
 She drew from his pale brest, and in her own
 Sheath'd it again ; then willingly sunk down
 Into *Aminta's* arms, who yet had breath,
 And felt perchance that lightning before death.
 Such was this pair of Lovers tragick fall,
 'Cause he kept too much faith, she none at all.

Mir. O haplesse Iwain, yet happy in his Love,
 Having so rich occasion to approve
 His spotlesse faith, and dying to revive
 That spark in her he could not being alive !
 But what became then of the poor diseas'd ?
 Did the plague cease ? was *Cynthia's* wrath appeas'd ?

Erg. It did relent, but was not quite put out :
 For the same month (the yeer being wheel'd about)
 It burst out with more fury, and did make
 A dire relapse : This forc'd us to betake
 Our selves unto the Oracle agen ;
 Which utterd now a sadder doom ; *That then*
And yeerly, we to Nights offended Queen
A Maid or Wife should offer, past fifteen
And short of twenty ; by which means the rage
Which swallow'd thousands, one death should assuage.

Moreover

Moreover a hard law, and weighing well
 The nature of that sex, impossible
 To keep; a law in bloody letters writ
 On wretched women was impos'd by it;
That whatsoever Maid or Wife should prove
In any sort a changeling in her love,
Unlesse some friend would pay the penalty
In stead of her, should without mercy die.
 This dire, this nationall Calamitie
 The good old man hath hope to remedie
 By means of this desired Match; because
 The Oracle after some little pause
 Being ask'd again, what end our woe should have,
 To our demand this punctuall answer gave;
Your woe shall end when two of Race Divine
Love shall combine:
And for a faithlesse Nymphs apostate state
A faithfull Shepherd supererogate.
 Now there are left in all Arcadia
 Of heavenly Stock no other slips this day
 But *Silvio* and *Amarillis*; She
 From *Pan* descended, from *Alcides* He.
 Nor had there ever (to our much regret)
 Of those two Lines a Male and Female met,
 As now there do: whence the believing Father
 Great hopes of good not without cause doth gather.
 For though the things foretold by th' Oracle
 Be not fulfill'd yet in each particle,

This

This is the fundamentall point ; the rest
Is still reserv'd in Fates own secret brest,
And of the Marriage one day shall ensue.

Mir. And all this do *Mirtillo* to undoe ?
What a long swing is fetcht ! what armies band
Against one heart half murderd to their hand !
Is't not enough that cruell Love's my foe,
Unlesse Fate too conspire my overthrow ?

Erg. Alas, *Mirtillo* ! grieving does no good,
"Tears quench not Love, but are his milk and food.
"T shall scape me hard, but ere the Sun descend
This cruell one shall hear thee, Courage friend :
"These sighs refresh not (as thou dost suppose)
"Thy burning heart ; but rather are like those
"Impetuous winds, which in a Town on fire
"The bellows are to blow and fan it higher :
"Love's whirlwinds, bringing to poor Lovers ever
"Black clouds of grief, which showrs of tears deliver.

Scena tertia.

CORISCA.

WHo ever saw, what heart did ever prove
So strange, fond, impotent a Passion ? Love,
And cold Disdain (a miracle to me
Two contraries should in one subject be

Both

Both in extremes !) I know not how, each other
Destroy, and generate ; enflame, and smother.
When I behold *Mirtillo's* every grace,
From his neat foot to his bewitching face,
His unaffected carriage, sweet aspect,
Words, actions, looks, and manners, they eject
Such flames of love, that every passion
Besides seems to be conquerd by this one.
But when I think how dotingly he prizes
Another woman, and for her despises
My almost peerlesse face (although I say't)
On which a thousand eyes for alms do wait,
Then do I scorn, abhor, and loath him more
Then ever I did value him before,
And scarce can think it possible that he
Had ever any interest in me.
O if my sweet *Mirtillo* were mine own,
So that I had him to my self alone !
(These are my thoughts sometimes) no mortall wight
More blisse could boast of then *Corisca* might !
And then I feel such kindly flames, so sweet
A vapour rise, that I could almost meet
His love half way ; yea, follow him, adore
His very steps, and aid from him implore :
Nay, I do love him so, I could expire
His sacrifice in such a pleasing fire.
Then I'm my self again : And what (say I)
A proud disdainfull boy ! one that doth fly

E

From

From me, and love another ! that can look
 Upon this face of mine, and not be strook !
 But guard himself so well as not to dye
 For love ! Shall I, that should behold him lye
 Trembling and weeping at these feet of mine
 (As many better men have done) incline
 Trembling and weeping at his feet ? O no !
 And with this thought into such rage I grow
 Against my self, and him, that sounding straight
 Unto my eyes and fancy a retreat,
Mirtillo's name worser then death I seem
 To hate, and mine own self for loving him ;
 Whom I would see the miserablest swain,
 The most despised thing that doth remain
 Upon the earth ; and if I had my will,
 With mine own hands I could the villain kill.
 Thus like two seas encountring, Hate and Love,
 Desire and Scorn in me dire battell move :
 And I (the flame of thousand hearts, the rack
 Of thousand souls) languish, and burn, and lack
 That pitie I deny'd to others. I
 Who have in Cities oft been courted by
 Gallants and wits, to whom great Lords have bent,
 And yet withstood vollies of complement,
 Squadrons of Lovers, jeer'd their idle fires,
 And with false hopes deluded their desires ;
 And now enforc'd t'a rustick swain to yeild
 In single fight t'a fellow that's unskill'd !

O thou most wretched of all womankind
Corisca! Where couldst thou diversion find
Hadst thou no other Lover? how assuage,
Or by what means deceive thy amorous rage?
Learn women all from me this housewifery,
Make you conserve of Lovers to keep by.
Had I no Sweet-heart but this sullen Boy,
Were I not well provided of a joy?

"To extreme want how likely to be hurl'd

"Is that ill housewife, who in all the world

"But one Love onely, but one Servant hath?

Corisca will be no such fool. "What's faith?

"What's constancy? Tales which the jealous feign

"To awe fond girls: names as absurd as vain.

"Faith in a woman (if at least there be

Faith in a woman unreveal'd to me)

"Is not a vertue, nor a heavenly grace,

"But the sad penance of a ruin'd face,

"That's pleas'd with one, cause it can please no more.

"A handsome woman sought unto by store

"Of gallant youths, if pleas'd with one alone

No woman is, or is a foolish one.

"What's beauty (tell me) if not view'd? or view'd,

"If not pursu'd? or if pursu'd, pursu'd

"By one alone? Where Lovers frequent are,

"It is a signe the partie lov'd is rare,

"Glorious and bright. A womans honour is

"T'have many Servants: Courtly Dames know this,

Who live in Towns, and those most practise it
 Who have most wealth, most beauty, and most wit.
 'Tis clownishnesse (say they) to reject any,
 And folly too, since that's perform'd by many,
 One cannot do : One Officer to wait,
 A second to present, a third to prate,
 A fourth for somewhat else ; so it doth fall
 Out oft, that favours being generall
 No favours seem : or jealousie thus throwne
 To whet them, all are easier kept then one.
 This merry life is by great Ladies led
 In Towns, and 'twas my fortune to be bred
 with one of them ; by whose example first,
 Next by her rules, I in Loves art was nurst
 Up from my childhood : she would often say,
 " *Corisca*, thou must use another day
 " Thy Lovers like thy garments, put on one,
 " Have many, often shift, and wear out none.
 " For daily conversation breeds distast,
 " Distast contempt, and loathing at the last.
 Then get the start, let not the servant say,
 H'as turnd his Mistresse, not she him, away.
 And I have kept her rules : I've choice, and strive
 To please them all : to this my hand I give,
 And wink on him ; the handsom'st I admit
 Into my bosome ; but not one shall get
 Into my heart : and yet I know not how
 (Ay me !) *Mirtillo's* crept too neer it now.

He made me sigh, not sigh as heretofore
To give false fire, but true flames to deplore;
Robbing my limbs of rest, my eyes of sleep,
Ev'n I can watch till the gray morning peep
(The discontented Lovers truce); ev'n I
(Strange change!) to melancholy walks can fly;
And through the gloomy horrors of this grove
Trace the sweet footsteps of my hated Love.
What wilt thou do, *Corisca*? sue? my hate
Permits not this, nor stands it with my State.
Wilt thou then fly him? That would shew more brains,
But Love says no to that: What then remains?
First I will try allurements, and discover
The love to him, but will conceal the Lover;
I'll use deceits, if that avail me not;
And if those fail me too, my brain shall plot
A brave revenge: *Mirtillo* shall partake
Hate, if he spurn at Love; and I will make
His *Amarillis* rue, that she was ere
A Rivall unto me, to him so deer.
Last I will teach you both what 'tis to move
A woman to abhor where she did love.

Scena quarta.

TITIRO, MONTANO, DAMETAS.

Tit. I Speak *Montano* what I know is true,
 And speak to one who knows more then I do.
 "Your Oracles are still obscurer farre
 "Then we imagine : and their answers are
 "Like knives, which if they warily be caught
 "By that safe part which for the hand was wrought,
 "Are usefull ; but if rashly they be tane
 "By th'edge or point, one may be hurt or slain.
 That *Amarillis* (as thou argu'st) should
 By Heav'n be destin'd for the gen'rall good
 And safety of Arcadia, who should rather
 Desire and joy, then I who am her Father ?
 But when I mark the words of th' Oracle,
 Me thinks with those the signes agree not well.
 If Love must joyn them, and the one doth fly,
 How can that be ? How can the strings which tie
 The true-Love's knot be hatred and disdain ?
 "That cannot be oppos'd which Heav'ns ordain:
 Since then we see such opposition here,
 That Heav'ns did not ordain it, is most cleer.
 Had they been pleas'd that *Silvio* should have had
 My *Amarillis*, they would him have made

A Lover, not a Huntsman. *Mont.* Dost not see,
He's young, not yet seventeen? In time ev'n he
Will feel the dart of Love. *Tit.* A dog hath got
His love: I know not why a Nymph should not.

Mont. "Youths are inclined more to recreation.

Tit. "And is not love a nat'rall inclination?

Mont. "Before the time 'tis an unnat'rall thing.

Tit. "Love is a blossome which adorns our spring.

Mont. "Your forward blossoms seldom come to good.

Tit. "They seldom fail where frosts nip not the bud.

But came I hither to dispute with thee,

Montano? I nor can, nor fits it me.

Yet I'm a Father too of a most deer

And onely child; and (if Love do not blear

My eyes) a worthy one; such (under favour)

That many woo'd me, and still do to have her.

Mont. Were not this Marriage made in heav'n by Fate,

'Tis made in earth by Faith, to violate

Which (*Titiro*) were rashly to prophane

The godhead of great *Cynthia*, in whose Fane

The solemn oath was taken. Now how ready

She is to wrath, and how incens'd already

Against this Country, thou art not to learn.

But I professe, as far as I discern,

And a Priest's mind rapt up above the skie

Into th' eternall counsels there can prie,

This knot by th' hand of Destiny was knit,

And all those signes which should accompan' it

(Have

(Have thou but Faith) will fall out jump and right
 In their due time. I'll tell thee more ; this night
 I in my dream a certain thing have view'd,
 Which my old hopes hath more then ere renew'd. (view?)

Tit. "Dreams are but dreams : but well, what didst thou

Mont. Thou dost remember, I presume (for who
 Amongst us all is such a stupid wight
 As to forget?) that lamentable night
 When swelling Ladon (weary of his yoke)
 The banks with his rebellious waters broke ;
 So that where birds were wont to build their nests,
 Usurping fishes swam, and men, and beasts,
 And flocks, and herds promiscuously tane
 Th' impartiall deluge swept into the Main.
 That very night (O bitter memory !)
 I lost my heart, or rather that which I
 More dearly priz'd, a child, a tender one
 In swathing bands, and then my onely son.
 Both then and since (though he be dead) as dear
 To me, as if my onely son he were :
 The cruel torrent ravish'd him away
 Before the people of the house (who lay
 In darknesse, fear and sleep buri'd alive)
 With any timely succour could arrive :
 We could not find the empty cradle neither,
 But (as I ghesse) that and the child together
 Were swallow'd by the flood. *Tit.* What else can be
 Suppos'd ? I think I've heard (perchance from thee)

This losse of thine before, in very truth
A miserable one, and full of ruth ;
And I may say, of thy two sons the Floods
Have swallow'd one, the other's lost i'th' Woods.

Mont. Perhaps kind Heav'ns in the surviving brother
Will make me rich amends yet for the other :

" 'Tis alwayes good to hope. Now list me out :

"Twas at the dawning of the morn, about
That mungrell hour which gotten betwixt night
And day, is half an Ethiop and half white,
When having watcht out all the night almost,
With various fancies of this Marriage toft,
Quite overcome at length with wearinesse,
A gentle slumber did mine eyes oppresse,
Which with it such a lively vision brought,
That though I slept, I was awake. Methought,
On fam'd Alfeo's bank I angling fate
Under a shady Beech, there came up straight
A grave old man, down to the middle bare,
His chin all dropping, and his grised hair ;
Who with both hands, and countenance beni'ne
Put a nak'd weeping infant into mine,
Saying, *Lo here thy Son, and take good heed*
Thou kill him not ; then div'd into the reed.
With that, black clouds obscur'd the Heavens round,
And threatning me with a dire tempest, frown'd.
I to my bosome clapt the babe for fear,
And cry'd, Shall then one hour both give and bear

F

Away

Away my joy? Straight all the welkin turn'd
 Serene, and thunderbolts to ashes burn'd
 Fell hissing in the River, with bows broken
 And shafts by thousands, signes which did betoken
 Extinguist vengeance; then a shrill voice brake
 From the riv'd Beech, which in his tongue thus spake,
Believe Montano, and thy hope still nourish,
Thy fair Arcadia once again shall flourish.
 So ever since in my eyes, mind, and brest
 The pleasing figure of this dream's imprest,
 Standing before me still in every place;
 But above all, the courteous meen and face
 Of that old man (me thinks I see him wet)
 Which made me coming now, when thee I met,
 Directly to the Temple, there with pure
 And holy Sacrifice my Dream t'insure.

Tit. "Truely Montano, Dreams are Histories
 "Of what is past, rather then Prophecies
 "Of what's to come: Meer fragments of some sight,
 "Or thought of the past day, which prints at night
 "A vain reflection of it self, like those
 "Which in a cloud the Sunne opposed shows.

Mont. "Not alwayes with the senses sleeps the soul:
 "Rather when she is free from all controll
 "Of cousing forms, which do the senses blinde,
 "Whilst they're asleep, more wakesull is the minde.

Tit. In short: how Heav'ns have destin'd to dispose
 Of our two children, neither of us knows.

But this is cleer to both of us, thine flyes,
And against *Nature's* law, doth *Love's* despise.
And mine (as 't proves) is ty'd; her self yet hath
No benefit of her engaged faith.

Nor do I know whether she love or no :
That she makes others love, full well I know;
And can I think it probable that shee
Should others wound, and go her self still free ?
Mee thinks of late she's alter'd in her cheer,
Who us'd all Mirth and Jollity t' appear.

" But to put Maids in mind of marrying,
" And then not marry them, is an ill thing.
" As in a curious garden a fair Rose,
" Which (cloystred up in leaves) did late repose
" Under the sable canopie of night
" Upon its mother-stalk, with the first light
" Raifes its head, then opes its tender eye,
" Whence whispring Bees suck Nectar as they fly;
" Then to the Sun which on its form doth gaze,
" Its purple and perfumed brest displayes:
" But if it be not gatherd then, and stay
" Till it be kist by the Meridian Ray,
" Before the Sun to th' other world be fled,
" Upon its mourning stalk it hangs the head;
" So pale, so shrunk, so without life it shoves,
" That one can hardly say, This was a Rose.
" So a young Virgin, whilst her Mothers care
" Shuts and preserves her from the blasting air,

"Shuts her own bosom too against desire :
 "But if she find some amorous youth to eye her,
 "And hears him sigh, she opes him straight her heart,
 "And in her tender brest receives Love's dart.
 "Then if by fear, or else by maiden shame,
 "She be withheld from shewing of her flame,
 "(Poor soul!) Concealment like a worm i'th' bud,
 "Lies in her Damask cheek sucking the bloud:
 "So all her beauty's gone, if that fire last,
 "And all her Lovers when her Beauty's past.

Mont. Take courage *Titiro* ; do not embase
 Thy soul with mortall fears, but nobly place
 Thy hopes above ; "Heav'n favours a strong faith,
 "And a faint pray'r nere clomb that arduous path.
 "And if all men should pray to Heav'n at need,
 "And pray with hope, much more should Heav'n's own seed
 Our childrens Pedigree it is Divine,
 "And Heav'n that shines on all, will surely shine
 "On its own Progenie. Come *Titiro*,
 Together to the Temple let us go,
 Together offer, thou a hee-goat there,
 To P A N, and I to H E R C U L E S a Steer.
 "The Gods who blesse the herds, will blesse no lesse
 "Them, who the Gods do with those blessings blesse.
 Trusty *Dametas* go, and quickly cull
 From my fair herd the best and gentlest Bull,
 And bring him to me to the Temple straight ;
 Come by the hill, the neereft way is that.

Tit. And good *Dametas*, from my herd bring one
Of the best Goats. *Dam.* Both shall with speed be done.
May the high Gods pleas'd in their goodnesse be
To blesse (*Montano*) this thy Dream to thee,
Ev'n to thy utmost wish: this memory
Of thy lost son is a good augury.

Scena quinta.

S A T Y R.

“ **A**S frosts to Plants, to ripened Ears a storm,
“ To Flowrs the mid-day sun, to Seed the worm,
“ To Stags the toyls, to Birds the lime-twigg; so
“ Is Love to man an everlasting Foe.
And he that call'd it fire pierc'd well into
Its treach'rous nature; for if fire thou view,
How bright and beautifull it is? Approacht,
How warm and comfortable? But then toucht,
O how it burns! The monster-bearing earth
Did never teem such a prodigious birth:
It cuts like razors, like wild beasts devours,
And through a wood like winged lightning scowrs.
Where-ere it fixes its imperious foot,
Cottage and Pallace, all must yeeld unto't:
So Love, if thou behold it in a pair
Of starry eyes, in a bright tresse of hair,

How

How temptingly it looks! what kindly flames
 It breathes! what peace, what pardons it proclaims!
 But in thy bosome if thou do it keep,
 So that it gather strength, and 'gin to creep,
 No Tygresse in Hircanian mountains nurs't,
 No Lybian Lionesse is half so curst,
 Nor frozen Snake fostred with humane breath.
 His flames are hot as hell, bonds strong as death;
 He is Wrath's hangman, Pitie's enemy,
 And to conclude, Love void of love. But why
 Accuse I him? Is he the Authour then
 Of all those pranks which mortal wights, not when
 They are in love, but out of their wits, do?
 Women, perfidious women, 'tis to you
 That I impute Love's rancour; all that's naught
 In him from you is by infection caught.
 He of himself is good, meek as the Dove
 That draws the chariot of the Queen of Love:
 But you have made him wild; for though ye joy
 With your own hands to feed the winged Boy,
 Yet do you shut each pore so of your brest,
 That in your hearts He cannot build his nest.
 And all your care, pride, pleasure ye do place
 In the meer outside of a simpring face.
 Nor is't your study how to pay true love,
 And wager whether shall more constant prove;
 To bind two souls in one, and of one heart
 To make the other but the counter-part;

But how your silver hair with gold to hatch,
Then purse it up into a net, to catch
Poor souls withall, and like gold valence let
Some curles hang dangling ore your brows of jet.
How much against my stomach doth it go
To see you paint your cheeks, to cover so
The faults of Time and Nature ! How ye make
Pale Feulemort a pure Vermilian take,
Fill up the wrinkles, die black white, a spot
With a spot hide, where 'tis, make 't where 'tis not.
You tie a thred acrosse, whereof one end
Held in your teeth, the other is sustein'd
By your left hand, whilst of the running knot
Your right hand makes a noose to ope and shut
Like shaving tongs : This instrument you fit
To your rough downy forheads, and with it
Shave all the down, and the wild hairs which shoot
Above their fellows, pull up by the root ;
And all the while such torment you are in,
That 'tis at once a penance and a sin.
Nor is this all ; your qualities are much
After your faces, and your faith is such
As are your works. For what is there in you
That is not counterfeit and painted too ?
Do your lips ope ? before ye speak ye lye ;
And if ye sigh, ye lye most damnably.
False lights your eyes are, and false weights your ears ;
Your hearts false measures, and false pearl your tears :

So

So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry,
 Seem or seem not, walk, stand, or sit, ye lye.
 Nay, there's more yet, your cousening those
 Most who on you do most repose ;
 Your loving most those who do least love you,
 And chusing to die rather then be true ;
 These are the arts, these are the wayes
 That make Love hatefull in our dayes.
 All his faults then we may most justly lay
 On you ; or rather on our selves : for they
 Sin that believe you. Then the fault 's in me
 (Perjur'd *Corisca*) who did credit thee ;
 Come hither onely for my bane (I think)
 From Argos wicked streets, of vice the sink.
 Yet th'art so fly, and play'st so well the Scout,
 To keep thy deeds and thoughts from tracing out,
 That 'mongst the chastest Dames thou jettst it now,
 With honesty stampt on thy haughty brow :
 What scorns have I receiv'd, what discontent
 From this ungratefull woman ! I repent,
 Yea, blush I was so fond. Example take
 By me, unskilfull Lovers, how ye make
 " An Idol of a face, and take't for granted,
 " There's no such divell as a woman fainted.
 " She thinks her wit and beauty without peer,
 " And o're thy slavish soul doth domineer
 " Like some great Goddesse, counting thou wert born
 " (As a thing mortall) onely for her scorn ;

“ Takes all that praise as tribute of her mērit
“ Which is the flattery of thy abject spirit.
Why so much serving? so much admirations?
Such sighs, such tears, such humble supplications?
These are the woman's arms: Let us expresse
Ev'n in our Loves valour and manlinesse.
Time was when I (as lusty as I am)
Thought tears and sighs could womans heart enflame.
But now I find I err'd; for if she bears
A stony heart, in vain are sighs and tears.
We must strike fire out of her brest by dint
Of steel: what fool us'd bellows to a flint?
Leave, leave thy tears and sighs, if thou wouldst make
A conquest of thy Dame; and if thou bake
Indeed with unextinguishable fire,
In thy hearts center smother thy desire
The best thou canst, and watch thy time to doe
That which both Love and Nature prompt thee to,
“ For Modestie's the charter of the woman,
“ Who wil not have her priviledge made common;
“ Nor though she uses it her self with men,
“ Would she have them to use't with her agent.
“ Being a vertue for the admiration
“ Of them that court her, not their imitation.
This is the plain and naturall way of Love,
Indeed the onely one that I approve.
My coy *Corisca* shall not finde of me
A bashfull Lover (as I us'd to be)

But a bold Foe, and she shall feel I can
 Assault her with the weapons of a man,
 Aswell as with the womans arms. Twice now
 I've caught this Eel, and yet I know not how
 She hath slipt through my hands ; but if she come
 A third time neer my boat, I'll strike so home
 Through both her gills, that I shall marre her flight.
 Here she comes forth to Rellief ev'ry night,
 And I like a good hound snuffe round about
 To find her track : If I do sent her out,
 Have at her coat ; O how I mean to be
 Reveng'd upon her ! I will make her see
 That Love sometimes (though he appear stark blind)
 Can from his eyes the hand-kerchief unbind :
 And that no woman (though she may awhile)
 Can glory long in perjury and guile.

C H O R U S.

O Powerfull Law ! which Heaven or Nature,
 Writ in the Heart of every Creature.
 Whose amiable violence,
 And pleasing rapture of the sense
 Dotb byas all things to that good
 Which we desire not understood.
 Nor the exterior bark alone
 Subject to th' sense of every one,

Whose

Whose frail materials quickly must
Resolve again into their dust ;
But the hid seeds and inward cause,
Whose substance is eternall, moves and draws.

And if the ever-teeming world bring forth
So many things of admirable worth,
If whatsoever Heaven's great eyes
The Sun and Moon, or his small spies
The Starres behold, doth own a soul
Whose active pow'r informs the whole ;
If thence all humane seed have birth,
All plants and Animals ; if th' earth
Be green, or on her wrinkled brow it snows,
From that immortall and pure Spring it flows.

Nor this alone : On mortall Crown
What-ever restlesse Spheers rowl down ;
Whence all our actions guided are
By a happy or unhappy Starre ;
Whence our frail lives their Qu receive
This Stage to enter, and to leave.
What-ever thwarts, what-ever stils
Our froward, and our childish wils
(Which seeming to be Fortune's Play
To give, and take our things away,
The world ascribes to her) hath All
From that high vertue its originall.

Soul of the World : if it were thou didst say
Arcadia should have rest and peace one day,

And like a snake renew her youth,
 What man dares question so divine a truth?
 If what the famous Oracle
 Of two whom Fate should couple did foretell,
 It spake but as thy mouth, if fixt it be
 In the eternall depth of thy Decree,
 And if the Tripods do not falsehoods vent,
 Ah! who retards thy wils accomplishment?
 Behold, a scornfull boy, a foe
 To Love and Beauty: Hee (although
 Extract from Heav'n) with Heav'n contends!
 Behold another youth offends
 In love as much, (in vain deserving
 To be preferr'd for humbly serving)
 And with his flame thwarts thy Decree!
 And the lesse hope he hath to see
 His service and his true loves hire,
 The cleerer burns his faith and fire;
 And he now for that Beauty dyes,
 Which t'other (whom 'tis kept for) doth despise.
 Is Jove divided then about his doom?
 Hath doubtfull Fate twins struggling in her womb?
 Or doth man's mountain-hope, unleveld yet,
 New impious Giants in rebellion set
 On both sides to assault the Tower of Jove,
 By loving, and by shunning Love?
 Have we such strength? and ore the Powers above
 Shall two blind Powers triumph, Disdain, and Love?

But thou high Mover of the Orb, that rid'st
The Starrs and Fate, and with thy Wisdom guid'st
Their course, look down upon our tott'ring State,
And reconcile Disdain and Love with Fate.

That ice, this flame, thaw, quench with heavenly dew,
Make one not flye, another not pursue.

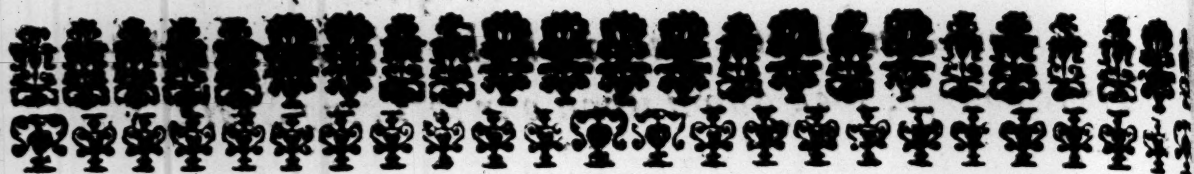
Ah! let not two mens obstinacy stand
Betwixt thy promis'd mercy and a Land.

And yet who knowes? what we imagine is
Our greatest crosse, may prove our greatest blisse.

" If on the Sunne no humane eye can gaze,

" Who then can pierce into Jove's hidden wayes?

Actus



Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

ERGATSO, MIRTILLO.

Erg. **O** What a walk have I had ! At the Race,
 The Mead, Hill, River, Fountain, wraftling Place
 I've been to seek thee : Heav'n be prais'd, at last
 I've found thee here. *Mir.* What news requires such haste?
 Bringst thou me life or death ? *Erg.* The last's a thing,
 Which if I had for thee, I would not bring :
 The former, though I have not for thee yet,
 I hope to bring. But why art thou ore-set
 With thy own sighs ? If thou wouldst overcome
 Another, overcome thy self at home :
 Breathe, and revy't again—. But to proceed
 To that which made me seek thee with such speed ;
 The matter's this : Knowst thou (who doth not know?)
Ormino's Sister ? rather tall then low
 She is of stature, cherry-cheekt, her hair
 Inclind to red, and of a sprightly ayr.

Mirt.

Mirt. What is her name? *Erg. Corisca.* *Mir.* Yes, I do know her, and have conversed with her too.

Erg. Know then that she (see the good luck on't! What hath been the means to work it I know not, Or on whose score it comes) is grown of late With *Amarillis* very intimate.

Which I perceiving, a relation made Of thy affection unto her, and praid Both her assistance and her secrecie Therein, which she accorded readily.

Mirt. O blest a thousand thousand times and more Then all (*Mirtillo*) that ere lov'd before, If this be true: But prethee, did she say Nothing at all unto thee of the way?

Erg. Nothing as yet, and I will tell thee why: *Corisca* said, shee could not certainly Determine of the way till she might know Some circumstances of thy love, that so She might be better able to discern The inclination of the Nymph; and learn How to addresse her selfe, with subtilty, Or with intreaties; what t'were best to try, Or what to leave: This was the cause made mee To come so hastily in search of thee. Therefore from first to last thou shalt doe well: Thy Love's whole story unto me to tell.

Mirt. I'll do it. But know Friend, to stir again The bitter memory of Love in vain,

Is like the tossing of a torch about
 One's head i'th air, thinking to shake it out,
 When agitation kindles it, and makes
 The flame cling faster to the melting wax.
 Or like the tugging of a deep-fixt dart,
 By which the wound's made greater, and the smart.
 Most true it is, I shall a tale relate
 Which will demonstrate the unsure estate
 Of Lovers hopes, and that how-ere the root
 Of Love be sweet, it bears a bitter fruit.

In that fair season when Day's wheels out-run
 The Night's ('twas just a twelvemonth since) this Sun
 Of Beauty, this fair Pilgrim came to bring
 With her approach as 'twere a second Spring
 To my then only rich and happy nest,
 Elis and Pifa with her presence blest;
 Brought by her Mother in those solemn dayes
 When Sacrifices and Olympick Playes
 Through all the world so famous are kept there
 In honour of the mighty Thunderer.
 Shows worthy sure of those fair eyes; But those
 Fair eyes themselves were farre the worthier shows.
 Whence I, who till that instant never knew
 What flames of Love did mean; at the first view
 Of those bright lamps, yeelded, and never fought
 One stroke against her; for I felt (me thought)
 Two fiery balls fly whizzing through my liver
 And Beauty (a bold thief) cry'd *Stand, Deliver*

Thy heart, *Mirtillo*. *Erg.* O Love's piercing steel,
Which they alone can understand that feel !

Mir. But now to see what cunning Love suggests
Ev'n to the youngest and the simplest breasts !
I made a deer young Sister of mine own
(Who was my cruell Nymph's companion
Whilst she in Elis and in Pisa staid)
Acquainted with my pain. This silly maid
Was all the councill Love allotted me
For managing my amorous bus'nesse : she
With her own garments decks me in great order,
And imps my short hair with a borrow'd border,
Then braids it all with flowrs, hanging a bow
And Quiver by my side, and last doth show
How I should frame my words and count'nance, where
No footsteps of a beard did then appear.
The hour approached, she conducted me
Where my Nymph us'd to play ; and there found we
Some Noble Megarenian Maids, whom Blood
And Love linkt to her, as I understood.
'Mongst them was she like Royall Rose 'mongst low-
Born Violets : And when as they had so
For a good space without more pastime staid,
A Megarenian Virgin rose, and said ;
What, at a time for Pastime so renown'd
Shall we without our sports be idle found !
And have not (Sisters) we our weapons then
To make mock-fights withall as well as men ?

By my advice wee'll practice our arms now
 Against our selves in jest, as we must do
 In earnest one day against men : Let's kisse,
 And wage a kissing warre ; and she that gi's
 The best and sav'rest one, shall have for meed
 This curious wreath. All laught, and cry'd *Agreed.*
 Forthwith, not staying for the word or signe,
 These eager Amazons in battell joyn :
 No ranks they kept, no colours knew, nor side,
 But all confus'd, and each each defy'd.
 The Megarensian this perceiving, straight
 To the disordered Troops sounds a retreat ;
 And after saith ; Let her deservedly
 The Judge of all our kisses be
 Whose mouth is fairest. With one voice
 Of peerlesse *Amarillis* they made choice.
 She sweetly bending her fair eyes,
 Her cheeks in modest blushes dyes,
 To shew through her transparent skin
 That she is no lesse fair within
 Then shee's without ; or else her countenance
 Envyng the honour done her mouth perchance,
 Puts on her scarlet robes, as who
 Should say, And am not I fair too ?

Erg. Blest man to be transform'd at such a time,
 As if this accident thou couldst divine !

Mirt. The fair Judge takes her seat, and now renews
 The amorous fight, according to the use

Of war; by lots they march up one by one,
To try their mouthes by hers (the Paragon
Of sweetnesse) or (as I may term it well)
Of orient pearls a perfum'd Indian shell,
And the two lips a two-leav'd Coral door
With honyed lock, to ope and shut with more
Facility upon the pearly treasure.

O my *Ergast*' that I could tell the pleasure
Of those sweet kisses! But do thou hence ghesse it,
That mouth which tasted it, cannot expresse it.
Extract then all the sweetnesse which remains

In Hybla-combs, in Cyprian Sugar-canes,
It will be nothing to that world of blisses

I suckt from thence. *Erg.* O happy theft! sweet kisses!

Mirt. Sweet, but yet lame; the better half was missing,
The soul which gives perfection to kissing:
For though Love gave them, Love restor'd them not.

Erg. But hadst thou not some fear when 'twas thy lot
To kisse? *Mirt.* My heart (*Ergasto*) to say true,

Was at my mouth, and my soul shrunk into
A narrow volume; 'twas one kisse, whence all
My limbs stood tott'ring like an ill propt wall.

And when I came under the battery,
And within aim of her sure killing eye,
I fear'd the Majesty of that bright look,

Lest in the very act I should be took

Of theft and guile which I was then about.

But straight her count'nance clearing me that doubt

By a serene and unsuspecting smile,
 I ventur'd boldly on. Love stood the while
 (*Ergasto*) like a Bee hid in the leaves
 Of her lips Roses; and whilst she receives
 The kisses of my mouth with hers unmov'd
 And passive, I the honey onely prov'd.
 But when she active likewise growes,
 And thrusts out this and t'other rose,
 (Whether her gayety of heart it was,
 Or my good luck, for 'twas not love alas)
 When our two mouthes snapt like a bone well set,
 And like two tallies that are brothers met,
 (O my deer sweet and num'rous treasure!
 Do I outlive so great a pleasure?)
 Then, then I felt the sharp sweet dart,
 The amorous sting piercing my heart.
 Which was (it seems) restor'd me then,
 That I might have it hurt agen.
 I then, as soon as I had found
 Her lips had giv'n me my deaths wound,
 Was ready, like some desperate gasping wight,
 The weapon which had wounded me to bite:
 When suddenly her sweet breath, like the blast
 Of an inspiring Deity, did cast
 An holy damp upon my sawcy blood,
 Which all immodest and wild heat withstood.

Erg. O Modesty, the block and Remora
 Which ever lies in the true Lovers way!

Mirt. Now all of them had had their turns, and come
With thoughts suspended to attend the doom,
When *Amarillis* judging mine t' exceed
All th'others kisses, plac'd the Victors meed
(That curious wreath) with her own snowy hand
Upon my head. But O! no Lybian sand
Beneath the Syrian dog ere broyl'd so much,
When he both barks and bites; his rage is such,
As my whole heart was then on fire
Betwixt fruition and desire.
And (being never conquerd half so much
As when I was a Conqu'ror) such
My boldnesse was, that from my head
I reacht the wreath to her, and sed,
This is thy due, for thee 'tis meet,
Who with thy mouth hast made my kisses sweet.
And she most courteously accepting it,
For her fair hair made it a Coronet,
And crown'd mine with another, which before
Upon her own divine temples she wore:
Which is the same I now do bear, and shall
(Heav'n willing) to my Funerall,
Wither'd as 'tis, to keep in memory
That happy day; but most to signifie
My wither'd hopes.

Erg. Thy case doth pity, and not envie claim,
Mirtillo: or hereafter let thy name
Be *Tantalus*, for he that jests with Love,

“Or

"Or plays with fire, shall pain in earnest prove.
 Pooryouth ! thou took'st up transitory treasure
 At too much use, and of thy theft the pleasure
 And punishment together didst receive.
 But did she never the deceit perceive ?

Mirt. I know not that, *Ergasto* ; this I do,
 Whilst shee thought Elis worthy of her view,
 She was still bounteous to me of her eye,
 And gracious smiles. But my hard destinie
 Snatching her thence, unwares to me almost,
 I straight came flying hither, where thou knowst
 My Father, though he sojourn'd long abroad,
 Yet still retains his wonted poor abroad.
 I came and saw (O sight !) my day begun
 In such a fair and smiling morn, now run
 To its long West. When I appear'd in place
 The lightning of disdain flash'd in her face ;
 Then did she bend her eyes, and turn'd away.
 These Meteors boad my death, then did I lay.
 Mean while, that I should so by stealth depart,
 My tender Father took deeply to heart ;
 And with the grief on't an infirmity
 So terrible, that he was like to die.
 This forc'd me back, which prov'd (alas) in one
 Health to the Father, sicknesse to the Son.
 For half a yeer of a Love-caused feaver
 I languisht, and I think had languisht ever,
 If my indulgent Father had not sought

In time the Tripods Counsell ; whence he brought
This Answer, *That th' Arcadian air alone*
Could make mee well again. I thereupon
Return'd (*Ergasto*) to revisite her
(O fallacy of that grand Sophister,
The Oracle!) who made my body whole
To cause eternall sicknesse in my soule.

Erg. Thou hast related a strange tale in truth,
Mirtillo, a case worthy of much ruth
Without all doubt. " But oft a desperate state
" Hath prov'd the cause that cures as desperate
" Have sav'd the sick. And now 'tis time I goe
To tell *Corisca* what from thee I know ;
Expect me at the Fountain, there will I
Ere long be with thee. *Mirt.* Go on prosperously :
And Heav'n at need that pity shew to thee
(Courteous *Ergasto*) which thou shewst to me.

Scena secunda.

DORINDA, LUPINO, SILVIO..
She bringing in Silvio's Dog.

Dor. FAithfull and fortunate, delight and care
Of my fair *Silvio*, and as proud as fair.
Thrice fortunate *Melampo*, that I were
Into thy cruell Master half so deer !

With

With that white hand with which he gripes my heart,
 He stroaks and he feeds thee. He doth not part
 From thee by night, nor part from thee by day ;
 Whilst I that so much love him, in vain pray,
 And sigh in vain. And that which worse I bear
 Then all the rest, he gives to thee such deer
 And luscious kisses, one of which would make
 Me rich, and I too kisse thee for his sake
 Happy *Melamp'* ; O dog sent from above
 To steer the erring footsteps of blind Love !
 Lead on, sure guide, whither Affection mee,
 But Nature onely, and Instinct drawes thee.
 But list a little, doth not a horn blow
 In this neer thicket ? *Sil.* Sogh *Melampo*, Sogh !

Dor. That is (if Love delude me not) the sound
 Of *Silvio's* voice, who seems to call his hound
 About these woods. *Sil.* *Melampo*, Sogh, hogh, hogh.

Dor. It is the very voice of *Silvio*.
 Happy *Dorinda*, to whom Heav'n hath sent
 The self same thing in search whereof I went !
 I'll hide the dog ; with that he holds so deer
 I may chance buy his love. *Lupino!* *Lup.* Here.

Dor. Go take this dog, and hide thee hereabout :
 Conceiv'st thou me ? *Lup.* I do. *Dor.* But come not out
 Untill I call. *Lup.* I we'n't. *Dor.* Nay, quickly man.

Lup. And do thou quickly take some order than,
 That if the dog should have a hungry fit,
 He may not swallow me up at a bit.

Dor. A Coward? Hence. *Sil.* O whither shall I steer
My wretched steps to follow thee my deer
Faithfull *Melampo*? over hill and plain
Till I am tir'd and foundred I in vain
Have hunted for thee. Cursed be the Doe
Thou follow'dst. But behold, a Nymph may know
Some news of him! O vile encounter! This
Is she, who with her importunities

Torments me still: but there's no remedy
Save patience now. Fair Nymph, didst thou see my
Faithfull *Melampo*, whom I slipt while-ere
After a Doe? *Dor.* I (*Silvio*) fair? I fair?
Why dost thou call me fair, if that I be
Not fair in thy eyes? *Sil.* Fair or fowl, didst see
My dog? Answer me that: if not, I go.

Dor. So harsh to her adores thee, *Silvio*?
Who would beleeve in that sweet shape could nest
So sowlr a soul? Thou follow'st a wild beast
That flies thee, over rocks; and for a curre
Vexest thy body and thy minde: but her
That follows thee, and thy content doth prize
Above the world, thou fly'st and dost despise.
Ah! do not follow a wild flying Doe,
Let not a tame one (caught already) goe.
Do not unbind her. *Sil.* Nymph, I came in search
Of my *Melampo*, not to hear thee preach.
Adieu. *Dor.* O fly not, cruell *Silvio*:

I'll tell thee news of thy *Melampo*. *Sil.* Go,

I

Thou

Thou mockst, *Dorinda*. *Dor.* By that love I swear
That makes me *Silvia's* servant, I know where
He is. Thou sayst he did a Doe pursue?

Sil. He did: and straight I lost them both from view.

Dor. The Dog and Doe then at this present time
Are in my pow'r. *Sil.* In thy pow'r? *Dor.* Yes, in mine.
'Twas that I said: Dost thou think much that shee
Should love thy Dog (ungratefull) who loves thee?

Sil. My deer *Dorinda*, give 'em to me straight,

Dor. Out Shittle-cock, I'm come to a fine state
When beasts endear me to thee. But indeed
(My heart) thou gett'st them not without some meed.

Sil. And reason good, I'll give thee; Let me see —
(I'll couzen her). *Dor.* What wilt thou give to me?

Sil. Two fair Queen-apples I will give to thee,
Which my own fairer Mother gave to me
The other day. *Dor.* For apples, I want none:
I could give thee two fairer of my own,
And sweeter too, but that thou carest not
For what I give. *Sil.* Then wouldst thou have a goat?
Or Lambkin? (but my Father will not let
Me make so bold with what is his as yet.)

Dor. Nor Goat, nor Lambkin do I care to have:
Thee onely, *Silvia*, and thy love I crave.

Sil. My love? No more? *Dor.* No more. *Sil.* I g'it thee: so,
Give me my Dog (deer Nymph) now, and my Doe.

Dor. Ah, that thou knewst the worth of what thou art
So bounteous of, and spak'st now from thy heart!

Sil.

Sil. Nymph, mark my words : I finde thou talk'st to me
Still of a thing call'd Love ; what this should be
I know not : thou would'st have me love thee ; and
I doe (as farre as I can understand)
With all my heart : thou call'st me cruell ; I
Am ignorant of what is crueltie.

How should I please thee? *Dor.* In whom hop'st thou, poor
Dorinda ? whence dost thou expect thy cure ?
From such a Beauty as hath felt as yet
No spark of that which doth all Lovers set
On fire ? Art thou my flame, and art not hot ?
Dost thou breath Love, and what it is know'st not ?
That gentle Goddess whom the Cyprians honour
Took a most beauteous humane shape upon her
To bring thee forth : Fire-brands thou hast and dart,
Witness my flaming and my bleeding heart.
Add wings, another *Cupid* thou wilt prove,
At least want nothing to be Love, but love.

Sil. What is this Love ? *Dor.* When I behold thy eyes,
It is the light of Paradise.
But mine own heart consider'd well,
It is the very fire of hell.

Sil. Nymph, what a prating is here with thee ?
Give me my Dog and Doe, now prithee.

Dor. Give me the love first that I bargain'd for.

Sil. Have I not gi'n it thee ? Fie, what a stir
There is to please this woman ! Take it : do
What thou wilt with it. Who forbids thee ? who

Withholds it? On what trifles dost thou stand?

Dor. Wretched *Dorinda*, thou dost sow the sand,
And fondly undertak'st labour in vain.

Sil. What dream'st thou of? why holdst thou me in pain?

Dor. When thy desire's once granted, thou wilt go
And leave me straight, perfidious *Silvio*. *Sil.* No
Indeed, fair Nymph. *Dor.* Give mee a pawne then.

Sil. Name

The pawn. *Dor.* Alas! I dare not. *Silv.* Why?

Dor. For shame.

Sil. But how then can I give it thee? *Dor.* I would
Fain without naming it be understood.

Sil. If th'art asham'd to name it, thou maist be
Asham'd to take it. *Dor.* Promise it to me,

And I will name it. *Sil.* I do promise it:

But thou must name it first. *Dor.* Canst thou not hit
My thoughts then? I should have conceiv'd thee
If thou hadst said but half so much to me.

Sil. Thou hast more wit then I, *Dorinda*. *Dor.* I
Have more Love, *Silvio*, and lesse Cruelty.

Sil. Truth is, I am no witch: if thou'dst have me
To understand thee, speak. *Dor.* O misery!

That which I beg of thee is one of those
Things thy kind mother upon thee bestowes.

Sil. A box o'th' ear? *Dor.* To ones that loves thee so?

Sil. Those things my mother doth on me bestow.

Dor. Nay, that's not so: But doth not she give thee
A Kisse sometimes? *Sil.* She neither kisses me,

Nor would have others kisse me. Is't a Kisse

Thou dost desire of me? It is, it is:

Thy blush betrayes thee. Come, I'le give it thee:

But first my Dog and Doe. *Dor.* Dost promise me?

Sil. I promise thee. *Dor.* And with me wilt thou stay?

Sil. Why dost thou vex me thus? Did I not say
I would? *Dor.* Come forth *Lupino*, dost not hear?

Lupino. *Lup.* Ogh! ogh! what a brawling's there?

Who calls me? OI am come. It was not I

That slept, it was the Dog slept verily.

Dor. Look *Silvio*, there's thy Dog, that might to thee
Have read a lecture of Humanitie.

Sil. How over-joy'd am I? *Dor.* Upon this brest
Which thou despisest so he came to rest.

Sil. (O my sweet true *Melampo.*) *Dor.* Setting by
My sighs and kisses. *Sil.* (I will certainly
Kisse thee a thousand times, poor Cur! But hast
Thou got no harm at all, thou ran'st so fast?)

Dor. Fortunate Dog, that I might change (alas!)
Estates with thee; I'm come to a fine passe
To envie a Dogs life. Bend thou thy gate
Homewards *Lupino*, I will follow straight.

Lup. Mistresse, I goe.

*Scena tertia.**Manent* SILVIO, DORINDA.

Sil. (**I**N fine, th'ast got no harm.) Now let me see
Where is this Doe which thou hast promis'd me.

Dor. Alive or dead woul'dst have her? *Sil.* Strange
demand!

Alive after the Dog hath kil'd her? *Dor.* And
If the Dog kild her not? *Sil.* Alive is she?

Dor. Alive. *Sil.* The dearer then the prey to me:
And had my deer *Melampo* so much art
As not to hurt her? *Dor.* Onely in the heart
She had a little prick. *Sil.* Either th'art mad,
Dorinda, or dost mock me. If shee had
A prick i'th' heart, how can she live? *Dor.* The Doe
I speak of, I am, cruell *Silvio*:
Hurt by thee, without being hunted; Take me,
I am alive; but dead, if thou forsake me.

Sil. Is this that Doe? that prey? *Dor.* Ev'n this:
why now

Art thou so discontented? Dost not thou
Love a Nymph better then a beast? *Sil.* My hate
Thou art, brute, lyar, vile, importunate.

Dor. Is this the guerdon, cruell *Silvio*?

Is this the meed thou dost on me bestow,
Ungratefull youth? Take thy *Melampo* free,
And me and all, so thou come back to me :
The rest I do remit. Let me be plac't
But in the sun-shine thy fair eyes do cast.
Truer then thy *Melampo* I will trace
Thy steps, and when th'art wearied with the chase
I'll wipe thy sweating brow, and on this brest
(Which cannot rest for thee) thy head shall rest :
I'll bear thy arrowes, and thy quiver bear
Through these rough woods; and if there want game there,
Shoot at *Dorinda's* bosome. At this white
Set thy good bow, when ere it shoots not right.
For I'll be both the prey (if thou think fit) }
To keep in ure, and drudge to carry it ; }
Thy arrows, quiver, and their Butt to hit. }
But to whom do I talk ? Alas ! to thee
That hear'st me not, and fly'st away from me ?
But wheresoe're thou fly (curs'd *Silvio*)
Dorinda will fly after thee : although
To hell it self, if any hell there be
Worse then my Love is, and thy Crueltie.

Scena

Scena quarta.

C O R I S C A.

Fortune beyond my wish hath favoured me :
 “ And fit it is that they should favour’d be
 “ Who not with wishings onely seek her favour.
 “ Pow’rfull she is ; and men with reason have her
 “ In reputation of a Goddesse. But
 “ We must go meet her then, wait a foot
 “ To finde her humours ; and must use our own
 “ Judgement in playing of our game : a drone
 “ Seldome or never doth prove fortunate.
 Had not my industry made me the Mate
 Of her by whom under the name of friend
 I have fit means and safe to work my end,
 Where had I been ? Some fool would now be shie,
 And view her Rivall with a jealous eye,
 Bearing the open tokens of ill will
 Writ in her forehead ; and she would do ill :
 “ For open foes are easier to evade
 “ Then ambushes that are in friendship laid.
 “ Wise Mariners by rocks hid in the sea
 “ Are oft deceiv’d : She knowes not how to be
 “ An enemy, that knows not how to seem
 “ A friend. *Corisca’s* skill shall now be seen

In both : Nor am I yet so simply dull
To think she doth not love. Well may she gull
Others with this, not me ; who am gone out
A Mistresse in the Art. A tender sprout
New peept out of the bark, within whose brest
There's built for Love already a soft nest,
Long woo'd, and woo'd by so compleat a Lover,
And (which is worst) kist too over and over,
And yet hold tyte ? Believe't (for me) that list.
But my good *Genius* doth me assist ;
For look if *Amarillis* come not here
As sent ? I'll walk as if I did not see her.

Scena quinta.

AMARILLIS, CORISCA.

Am. **D**ear happy Groves, and you ye solitary
And silent horrors where true peace doth tarry,
With how much joy do I review you ? And
Had my stars pleas'd to give me the command
Over my self, that I might chuse my lot,
And my own way of life, then would I not
For the Elisian groves, about which range
The happy shades, your happy shades exchange.
“ For what we foolish mortals *Gods* do call
“ If rightly understood, are Evils all.

K

“ He

"He that hath most of them, in truth hath least,
 "Nor is so much possessor, as possesse;
 "Not riches, no, but of our freedome snares.
 "What boots it in the spring-time of one's yeers
 "To have the Attributes of Fair and Good,
 "In mortall veins to lock celestial blood,
 "Graces of body and of mind, here fair
 "And laughing fields of corn, rich meadows there,
 "In fruitfull pasture-grounds more fruitfull flocks,
 "If with all these the heart contentment lacks?
 Happy that shepherdesse whom some course stufte
 Obscurely cloaths, yet clean and just enough!
 Rich onely in her self, and bravely drest
 With Nature's ornaments which are the best;
 Who in sweet poverty no want doth know,
 Nor the distractions which from riches grow:
 Yet whatsoever may suffice the mind,
 In that estate abundantly doth finde:
Poor, but content! with Nature's gifts retrieves
 The gifts of Nature, Milk with milk revives,
 And with the sweet which from the Bee she gets,
 Seasons the honey of her native sweets:
 One fountain is her looking glasse, her drink
 Her bath; and if she's pleas'd, what others think
 It matters not; she heeds not blazing starres
 That threaten mighty ones: warres or no warres,
 It is all one to her; her battlement
 And shield is that she's poor: *Poor, but content!*

One onely care ('tis a sweet care) doth keep
Her heart awake ; she feeds her Masters sheep
With pearled grasse, and with her lovely eyes
Some honest swain, that for her beauty dies :
Not such as men or Gods chuse to her hand,
But such as Love did to her choice commend ;
And in some favour'd shady Mirtle grove
Desires, and is desir'd : Nor feels of Love
One spark which unto him she doth not show,
Nor shows one spark with which he doth not glow.
Poor, but content ! True life ! which till the breath
Forfakes the body, knowst not what is death.
Would Heaven had made me such a one ! — But see,
Corisca ! Sweet Corisca. Cor. Who calls me ?
My Amarillis ? dearer then mine owne
Eyes, or life to me, whither so alone ?

Am. No farther then thou seest ; nor anywhere
Could I be better, since I weet thee here.

Cor. Thou hast met her that never parts from thee,
Sweet Amarillis ; and now, credit me,
Was thinking of thee, saying in my heart,
If I'm her soul, how can she live apart
From me ? When straight I saw thee here : — but go,
Thou car'st not for Corisca now. Am. Why so ?

Cor. Why ? Dost thou ask the question ? thou dost wed
To day. Am. I wed ? Cor. Yes : and thou keepst it hid
From me. Am. How can I tell thee that which I
Am ignorant my self of ? Cor. Do, deny,

And wear a mask to me. *Am.* Still jest with me
Corisca. *Cor.* I am jested with by thee.

Am. But speakest thou this for truth? *Cor.* I'll swear 'tis so.
 And knowst thou nothing of 't indeed? *Am.* I know
 I'm promis'd: but that I should be a wife
 So soon, is news to me upon my life.

But from whom knowst it thou? *Cor.* From my own Brother
Ormino: and he sayes, there is no other
 Discourse abroad. — Thou seem'st perplext: is this
 News to perplex one? *Am.* O *Corisca*! 'Tis
 A hideous gulfe: I've heard my mother say,
 W'are then new born. *Cor.* Most true: 'tis our birth day
 T'a better life, therefore rejoyce. Dost fetch
 A sigh? leave sighing to that wretch. *Am.* What wretch?

Cor. *Mirtillo*: who was present casually
 At what my brother told mee, and was nigh
 Strook dead with grief; and doubtlesse he had dy'd,
 If a good cordiall I had not apply'd,
 By promising to break this Match. Which though
 I said, onely to comfort him, I know
 (If need were) how to do't. *Am.* Canst thou tell
 How to break this Match? *Cor.* Yes very well.

Am. I prethee how? *Cor.* With ease, if thou wert but
 Consenting likewise, and assisting to't.

Am. Could I suppose this possible, and thou
 Wouldst not reveal it, I would tell thee now
 A secret that hath long burnt in my heart.

Cor. Who, I reveal it? Let the earth first part

And

And swallow me alive miraculously.

Am. Know then *Corisca*, when I think that I
Must all my life be subject to a Boy
That hates and flies me, and doth take no joy
But in the woods, preferring hunting farre
Before the love of all the Nymphs that are,
It makes me male content, and desperate
Indeed almost, although I dare not say 't,
Because my faith I have already given
Unto my Father, and (what's worse) to Heav'n,
And break with them I neither will nor may.
But if thy industry can finde a way
(Alwayes provided, that my Honestie,
My Faith, my Life, and my Religion be
Preserv'd) t'untie this knot that galls me so,
To thee my life and safety I shall owe.

Cor. If this were it that caus'd thy sighing, thou
Hadst great cause for it *Amarillis*. How
Oft have I said? What pity 'tis to throw
So rich a thing to one that scorns it so!
A pearl t' a swine! why speak'st not to thy Father?

Am. Shame stops my mouth. *Cor.* There's a disease! I'd rather
For my part have a Fistula, or Feaver.

"But 'twill be cur'd; O re come it once, 'twill never

"Return again. *Am.* That cannot be ore come

"That's naturall: For if I drive it from

"My heart, it flies into my face. *Cor.* Alas,

(My *Amarillis*) oft it comes to passe,

"She

"She that through too much wisdom holds her tongue,
 "Roars out at last like mad, being throughly stung.

Hadst thou before been willing to discover
 Thy mind to me, this trouble had been over :
 And now thou hast, *Corisca's* power this day
 In all its colours shall it self display.

Into more skilfull hands, more faithfull then
 Mine are, thou never couldst have faine. But when
 From an ill Husband thou art freed by mee,
 Shall not an honest Suitor welcom be ?

Am. Wee'l think of that at leasure. *Cor.* That good youth
Mirtillo must not be forgot in sooth:

For parts, for spotlesse faith, for shape thou knowst
 Of all men living hee deserves thee most :

And canst thou let him dye ? O cruelty !

Nor wilt so much as hear him say, *I dye* ?

Hear him but once. *Am.* 'Twere better he would rest
 In peace, and root a love out of his brest

That's vain. *Cor.* That comfort give him ere he dye.

Am. 'Twould rather double his perplexity.

Cor. If it do so, the seeking is his own.

Am. And what must I expect, should it be known ?

Cor. How cowardly thou art ? *Am.* And let me still
 Be cowardly in any thing that's ill.

Cor. If thou mayst fail me in this small request,
 Then may I fail thee likewise in the rest
 Most justly, *Amarillis*. So God bu'y.

Am. Nay, stay *Corisca*, hear. *Cor.* Not a word I,
 Unlessse

Unlesse thou promise me. *Am.* I promise thee
To hear him speak, provided this may be
For all. *Cor.* It shall. *Am.* And that he may not know
I was acquainted with 't. *Cor.* I'll make as though
Ye met by accident. *Am.* And that I may
At my own pleasure freely go away.

Cor. Thou shalt, when thou hast heard him. *Am.* And
that hee

Shall briefly speak. *Cor.* That too is granted thee.

Am. Nor come within my darts length of me. *Cor.* Fie,
What a stir 's here with thy simplicitie !

To make it sure, he shall not doe thee wrong,

I'll tie up all his limbs except his tongue.

Wouldst thou have more ? *Am.* 'Tis well. *Cor.* And
when wilt thou

Do this ? *Am.* When ere thou wilt : Do but allow

Me so much time, as to go home to hear

More certain news about this Marriage there.

Cor. Go ; but with caution, and before thou'rt gone,

Hear a contrivance I have thought upon

As thou wert speaking : In the afternoon

I would have thee without thy Nymphs to come

Into this shady walk, where I will be

Before for this occasion, and with me

Nerina, Phillis, Celia, Aglaura,

Eliza, Daphne, Silvia, and Laura ;

All my no lesse discreet and witty, then

Faithfull and secret Mates. There thou with them

Shalt

Shalt play (as thou art wont) at Blind-man-buffe,
 So that *Mirtillo* will with ease enough
 Be made believe, that for thy own passe-time
 Thou thither cam'st, and not to meet with him.

Am. I like it wondrous well. But dost thou hear?
 I would not any of those Nymphs were there
 The while *Mirtillo* speaks. *Cor.* I doe conceive
 'Twas thought upon with good discretion. Leave
 The getting them away to my endeavour.
 Go: and remember one thing, — to love ever
 Thy faithfullest *Corisca*. *Am.* In her hand
 Since I have put my heart, she may command
 As much love as she pleases.

Cor. Is she not stiffe? We must assault this rock
 With greater force; though she resist my shock,
 Against *Mirtillo's* she will finde no fence
 I'm sure: I know by self-experience
 The power of Lovers prayers when they invade
 The tender heart of an inclining maid.
 If shee do yeeld, I'll make her smart so for't,
 That shee shall finde her sport was not in sport.
 Through her dark't words her heart shall be to me
 As visible as in a 'natomic.
 I'll ransack all herveins: that done, and I
 Made Mistresse of her secret, easily
 I'll winde her so, and lead her by the nose
 To what I'de have, that she shall ne're suppose
 (Much lesse shall others) that it was my skill
 That drew her to't, but her unbridled will.

Scena sexta.

C O R I S C A, S A T Y R.

Cor. **O** I'm dead. Sat. But I was *quick*.
There's a trick now for your trick.

Cor. My *Amarillis*, I am caught.

O come back. Sat. She hears thee not.

'Twill now behove thee to be strong.

Cor. O me, my hair! Sat. I have so long

Stood angling for thee in my boat,

At last th' art strook. 'Tis not thy coat,

'Tis thy hair (*Sister*) this. Cor. To mee

This usage (*Satyr?*) Sat. Yes, to thee

Corisca, or I am mistaken:

That Mistress in the art of making

The fine-spun lyes, that sels so deer

False words, false hopes, and a false leer?

Shee that so often hath betraid me;

Shee that so many fools hath made me

At every turn: the forcereffe,

The cheat *Corisca*? Cor. I confesse,

I am *Corisca*; but not shee

Now, that was once so lov'd by thee,

My gentile *Satyr*. Sat. Pray since when

Am I *gentile*? I was not then

L

When

When me for *Coridon* thou didst change.

Cor. Thee for another? *Sat.* See how strange
She makes it now! I warrant then
This is great news to thee; and when
Thou mad'st me *Silvia's* Buskins steal,
The Bow of *Lilla*, *Cloris* Veile,
And *Daphne's* Gown, that were to be
The price of love, which promis'd me,
Thou gav'st another: and when that
Fair wreathe I on thy head did plat,
Thou upon *Niso* didst bestow;
And when thou mad'st me (cold as snow)
Watch many a night out at the Fountain,
The Cave, Wood-side, and foot o'th' Mountain,
And for my pains didst laugh at me,
Did I then seem *gentile* to thee?
Ah thief! But now as I am here,
I'll make thee pay thy whole arrear.

Cor. O me! Thou dragg'st me like a beast.

Sat. I drag thee like thy self then. Wrest
Thy neck out of the collar now;
Give me the slip if thou knowst how.
Fox, though thy craft the time before
Did save thee, it shall do't no more.
For this I'm sure thou canst not scape,
Unlesse thou leave thy head i'th trap.

Cor. Yet give me so much time I pray,
As for my self to answer. *Sat.* Say.

Cor. How

Cor. How can I if thou hold me so ?

Sat. 'Tis likely I should let thee go.

Cor. I'll gage my faith not to go hence.

Sat. What faith ? Hast thou the impudence
(Perfidious woman) to name faith
To me ? I'll bear thee where there hath
No Sun, much lesse the feet of men
Approacht, unto the horrid'st den
Of all this Mountain : there — (but I
Will act the rest) to mine own joy
And thy dishonour, I will kerve
Such vengeance as thy faults deserve.

Cor. Canst thou then (cruell) to this hair (which has
Ty'd fast thy heart), unto this face (which was
Once thy delight), to this *Corisca* (then
More dear to thee then thine own life was when
Thou swar'st by that, that thou couldst finde it sweet
On her behalf, ev'n death it self to meet),
Canst thou once think to offer injury,
I say, to her ? O Heav'ns ! O Destinie !
Whom have I hop't in ? whom can I believe
Again ? *Sat.* Ah Syren ! thinkst thou to deceive
Me still ? still rock me with thy flatt'ring charms ?

Cor. My sweet deer *Satyr*, do no harm
To her that loves thee. Thou art not a beast,
Nor hast a marble or a flinty brest :
Behold me at thy feet ! O pardon me
If ever I (by chance) offended thee,

My Idol. By those sinewy and more
 Then humane knees, which clasping I adore ;
 By that rough manly visage ; by that dear
 Affection which thou once to me didst bear ;
 By the sweet influence of those eyes which thou
 Wert wont to call two stars (two fountains now;)
 By these salt tears which trickle down so fast,
 Pitie me now, and let me go. *Sat.* Thou hast
 Mov'd me (I must confesse) and I were gone,
 If I should hearken to affection.

But to be short, I doe not credit thee ;
 Thou art too full of wiles and tricks for me,
 And he that takes thy word, believes his snares :
 Beneath this humble shew, beneath these prayr's
 There's hid *Corisca* : *Thou* canst never be
Another. Sruggling still ? *Cor.* My head, O me !
 Ah cruell ! stay a little longer yet,
 And grant me but one favour. *Sat.* What is it ?

Cor. Hear me a little more. *Sat.* Thou hopest now
 With flatt'ries and squeez'd tears to make me bow.

Cor. Ah courteous Satyr ! wilt thou kerve in me
 Such cruell vengeance ? *Sat.* Come, and thou shalt see.

Cor. And take no Pity of me ? *Sat.* None at all.

Cor. But art thou firm in this ? *Sat.* As a brasse-wall.
 Is this charm ended ? *Cor.* O thou base, and not
 To be exampled, Rogue ; half man, half goat,
 And all a beast ; thou carrion that doth stink,
 By-blow and blush of nature ; If thou think

Corisca loves thee not, thou thinkst the truth.

What should she love in such a comely youth?

That fair Stags head? that chimney-sweepers broom?

Goats ears? that grave of rottenness and rheume

Which once had bones in't? *Sat.* This to me,

Thou wicked varlet? *Cor.* Ev'n to thee.

Sat. To me, thou scold? *Cor.* To thee, thou Goat.

Sat. And with these pincers pull I not

Thy barking tongue out? *Cor.* Would thou durst

Come neer't, there's that will scour their rust.

Sat. A paltry woman, and in such

Condition (being in my clutch)

To injure me! and dare mee too!

I will — *Cor.* Base slave, what wilt thou do?

Sat. Eat thee alive I will. *Cor.* Where be

The teeth to do't? *Sat.* Heav'n, dost thou see

And suffer this! But if I doe not

Chastise thee — Come along. *Cor.* I wo' not.

Sat. Wo' not, my Mistresse Malapert?

Cor. Wo' not in spight of thy foul heart.

Sat. That shall be teen; Come, or I swear,

This arm I'll from thy shoulder tear.

Cor. Tear my head off, I wo' not go

One foot. *Sat.* Art thou resolved so?

Let's ne're dispute then any longer,

But put to tryall whether's stronger

And faster on, thy neck-piece, or

My arm. — Thy hands to help too? Nor

Are

Are theſe (perverſe one) enough guard.

Cor. That ſhall be try'd. *Sat.* It ſhall. *Cor.* Pull hard.
Satyr adieu, Get thy neck ſet. *Sat.* O me!
 How I am ſhatter'd! O my head! my knee!
 O my back-bone! my thigh! what a vile fall
 Was here! to get upon my legs is all
 I have the pow'r to do. But can it be
 That ſhe ſhould fly, and leave her head with me?
 O marvellous! ye Nymphs and Shepherds run,
 Flock hither to behold a wonder; one
 That runs away without her head, by ſkill
 In Magick. Hah! how light it is! how ill
 Peopled with brains! How comes it that I ſee
 None of the blood ſpirt forth? But ſtay; let me
 Peruſe it better. O thou ſtock! thou ſtone!
 Thou haſt no head, if thou think ſhe hath none.
 Was ever any man ſo fool'd? See now
 If ſhe had not a trick to ſcape, when thou
 Thoughtſt her moſt ſure! Thou all made up of wiles,
 Waſ't not enough thy heart, thy face, thy ſmiles,
 Thy looks and ſpeeches falſified were,
 But thou muſt likewise falſifie thy hair?
 The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold,
 Which you (mad Poets) ſo extoll, behold!
 Bluſh, bluſh now at your error, and recant
 Your thred-bare theam; in ſtead whereof, go paint
 The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch
 Breaking up Sepulchres by night, from which

She steals the hair that upon Death's head growes,
 To imp her own, which she so neatly does,
 That she hath made you praise what ye should more
 Then dire *Megara's* snakie locks abhor.
 These (*Lovers*) are your gyves (I take it) too!
 Look on 'em Idiots: and if (as you
 Protest) your hearts are fastned to these hairs,
 Now every one may without sighs or tears
 Come by his owne. But why do I forbear
 To publish her disgrace? Surely that hair,
 Which stuck with starres adorns the azure skye;—}
 Never so famous was as this; and shee
 Much more that wore it by my tongue shall be
 Made infamous to all posterity. — — }

C H O R U S.

AH! 'Twas a grievous fault in her (the Cause
 Of all our sorrows) who, the sacred Lawes
 Of Love offending, by her breach of troth,
 Kindled against this Land the mortall wrath
 Of the immortall Gods, which not a Flood
 Of generall tears, nor so much guiltlesse blood
 Can quench yet or abate; so high a price
 Unspotted Faith (Expeller of all vice,
 And most undoubted Argument to prove
 A mind descended nobly) bears above.

“ And

" And such a care to plant love in his creature
 " (By which we deifie our humane Nature)
 " Haile the eternall Lover. O those blind
 Mistaken mortals, who addiſt their mind
 To wealth, (for which affection's baſely ſold)
 Watching the carcaſſe of their coffin'd gold,
 Like a pale gholt that walks about his grave!
 Or why ſhould beauty our free hearts enſlave?
 " Theſe are dead loves; the living and divine
 " Is where two ſouls by vertue do combine.
 " No outward object can with reaſon move
 " The heart to love it, 'cauſe it cannot love:
 " Onely the ſoul, 'cauſe that can love again,
 " Deſerves a Love, deſerves a Lovers pain.

Well may that kiſſe be ſweet that's giv'n t' a ſleek
 And fragrant roſe of a vermillion cheek;
 And undeſtanding taſters (as are true
 And happy Lovers) will commend that too.
 'Tis a dead kiſſe, ſay I, and muſt be poor,
 Which the place kiſt hath no means to reſtore.
 But the ſweet ecchoing, and the Dove-like billing
 Of two encountring Mouthes, when both are willing;
 And when at once both Loves advance their bows,
 Their ſhafts drawn home, at once ſound at the looſe,
 (How ſweet is ſuch Revenge!) This is true kiſſing,
 Where there is one for t' other without miſſing
 A minute of the time, or taking more
 Then that which in the taking they reſtore.

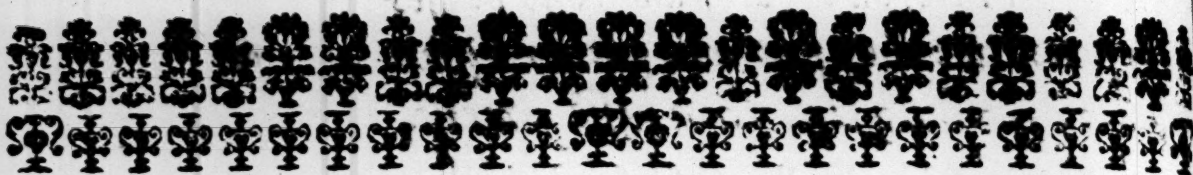
Where by an interchange of amorous blisses
At the same time they sow and gather kisses.
Kisse a red swelling lip, then kisse a wrist,
A brest, a forehead, or what else thou list,
No part of a fair Nymph so just will be,
Except the lip, to pay this kisse to thee.

Thither your souls come sallying forth, and they
Kisse too, and by the wandring pow'rs convey
Life into smacking Rubies, and transfuse
Into the live and sprightly kisse their use
Of reason; so that yee discourse together
In kisses, which with little noyse deliver
Much matter; and sweet secrets, which hee spels,
Who is a Lover; Gibbrish to all else.

Like life, like mutuall joy they feel, where Love
With equall flames as with two wings doth move.

"And as where lips kisse lips is the best Kisse:

"So where one's lov'd, to love, best loving is.



Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

M I R T I L L O.

S Pring, the yeers youth, fair Mother of new flowrs,
 New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,
 Thou art return'd ; but the felicity
 Thou brought'st me last is not return'd with thee.
 Thou art return'd, but nought returns with thee.
 Save my lost joyes regretfull memory.
 Thou art the self same thing thou wert before ,
 As fair and jocund : but I am no more
 The thing I was, so gracious in her sight
 Who is Heav'ns master-piece, and Earth's delight,
 " O bitter-sweets of Love ! Far worse it is
 " To ~~love~~^{lose} then never to have tasted blisse.
 " But O how sweet were Love, if it could not
 " Be lost, or being lost could be forgot !
 Though if my hopes (as mine are wont to be)
 Are not of glasse, or my love make me see

Them

Them through a multiplying glasse ; If I
 Be not deceiv'd both by my self, and by
 Another : Here I shall that Sun behold
 Which I adore, impart her beams of gold
 To my blest sight, behold her flying feet
 Stop at my sad notes ; here upon the sweet
 Food of that lovely face I shall suffice
 After a tedious fast my greedy eyes.
 Here, here behold that proud one on me turn
 Her sparkling lamps, if not to light, to burn.
 And if not fraught with amorous delight,
 So kindly cruell as to kill outright.
 Yet were't but just, that after so much pain
 As I have hitherto endur'd in vain,
 Thou Love at length shouldst make the Sun appear
 To this benighted earth serene and cleer.
 Hither *Ergasto* did direct me, where
Corisca and my *Amarillis* were
 To play at Blindman-buffe : but I can finde
 In this place nothing but my love that's blind,
 And so deceiv'd, mis-led by a false guide
 To seek that light which is to me deny'd.
 Pray Heav'n my hard and envious fate beneath
 This sugred Pill now have not hid my death.
 This tedious stay afflicts me : " For to those
 " That go to meet their Loves, each moment shows
 " An age. Perchance I have arriv'd too late,
 And made for me too long *Corisca* wait.

Yet I made haste. Now woe is me! If I
Have done this fault, I will lie down and dye.

Scena Secunda.

A M A R I L L I S, M I R T I L L O, *Chorus of*
Nymphs, C O R I S C A.

Am. **B**Ehold *the Buff!* *Mirt.* O sight! *Am.* Come on,
Mirt. O voice!

That makes my heart both tremble and rejoyce.

Am. What do you do? *Lisetta*, where art thou
That wert so eager of this sport but now?
And thou *Corisca*, whither gone? *Mir.* I finde
Now it is true indeed, that Love is blinde.

Am. You there that are appointed for my guides
To hand and to support mee on both sides,
Before the rest of our Companions come,
Out of these trees conduct me to field-room:
Then leaving me alone amidst the plain,
Amongst our other fellows herd again:
So joyning all together, make a ring
About me round, and let the sport begin.

Mir. But what shall I do? Yet I cannot see
Of what advantage this should be to me
In my desires; nor see I my north-starre
Corisca: Succour me blest Heav'n! *Am.* O are

Yee come at last? yee wantons, did you mean
Only to bind my eyes? Begin now then.

Chor. Love, thou art not blind, I know,
" But dost onely appear so
" To blinde us: if thy sight's small,
" Thou hast, I'm sure no faith at all.
Blinde or not, thou try'st in vain
Mee into thy net to train.
And to keep out of thy pound,
Off I get, and traverse ground.
Blind as thou art, thou couldst see more
Then Argus hundred eyes of yore.
Thou couldst see (blind as thou art)
Well enough to hit my heart.
But I were a fool indeed,
Should I trust thee now I'm freed:
Sport with thee henceforth that will;
'Tis a sport with thee to kill.

Am. I, but with too much warinesse you play:
Yee should strike first, and after get away.
Approach me, touch me, and ye shall not fly
Me then. Mir. O ye high Gods! In heav'n am I?
Or earth? O heav'ns! do your eternall rounds
Move in such order, warble such sweet sounds?

Cho. Well, blind Archer, since thou still
Urge'st me to play, I will.

Now I clap thy shoulder hard :
Now I fly unto my guard :
Strike, and run, and strike again,
And thou wheel'st about in vain.
Now I pinch thee, now remove :
And have at thee now blind Love.
Yet thou canst not light on me ;
Why ? because my heart is free.

Am. In faith *Licoris*, I had surely thought
 T'ave caught thee there, and 'twas a tree I caught.
I, dost thou laugh ? *Mir.* Would I had been that tree.
 But do I not *Corisca* hidden see
 Amongst those brakes ? and she makes signes as who
 Should say, that something she would have me do.

Cho. " *A free heart makes a nimble heel.*
Ab traitour ! dost thou tempt me still
With thy flattering false delight ?
Thus then I renew the fight.
Slash, and fly, and turn, and shove ;
And about again blind Love :
Yet thou canst not light on me ;
Why ? because my heart is free.

Am. Would thou wert puld up by the root, base tree :
 That I should ever thus be catching thee !
 Deceived by the dancing of a bough,
 I did suppose I'd had *Eliza* now.

Mir. *Corisca* still is making signes to me,
And looks as shee were angry : perhaps she
Would have me mix with those Nymphs. *Am.* Must I play
With nothing but with trees then all this day ?

Cor. I must come forth and speak, or hee 'l not stir —.
To her (white liver) and lay hold on her.
Why dost thou gape ? to have her run into
Thy mouth ? At least, if that thou dar'st not do,
Let her lay hold of thee. Come, give me here
This dart, and go to meet her fool. *Mir.* How neer
To impotence is strong desire ! O Love !
That thou should'st make a man a coward prove !

Am. Play but once more, for now I weary grow.
Troth, y'are too blame for making me run so.

Chor. That triumphant God survey,
To whom amorous mortals pay
Impious tribute ! See him snaffeld !
See him laught at ! See him baffeld !
As a hooded Hawke or Owle
With light blinded, when the fowle
With their Armies flock about her,
Some to beat, and some to flout her ;
She in vain doth rowze and peck
This and that way with her beak :
So we baffle and deride
Thee (blind Love) on ev'ry side.
One doth pinch thy elbow black ;

T'other

T'other has thee by the back;
 And thy baiting does no good,
 Nor thy pecking through thy hood,
 Nor thy stretching out thy claws.
 "But sweet meats have sour sauce.
 "Birds are caught by playing thus:
 "So do Nymphs grow amorous.

Scena tertia.

AMARILLIS, CORISCA, MIRTILLO.

Am. I' Faith, *Aglaura*, art thou caught at last?
 Thou'dst fain be gone, but I will hold thee fast.

Cor. Surely, unlesse at unawares by main
 Strength I had thrust him on her, I in vain
 Had tyr'd my self to make him thither go.

Am. Thou wilt not speak now: Art thou she or no?

Cor. I lay his Dart here by him, and unto
 My bush return, t'observe what will ensue.

Am. Thou art *Corisca*, now it is most cleer;
 I know thee by thy tallnesse and short hair.

'Twas thee I wish'd to catch; that I might use thee
 Just as I list, and thus, and thus abuse thee;
 And thus, and thus. Not yet? But since 'twas thou
 That boundst me, do thou too unbinde me now:

Quickly

Quickly (my heart) and thou shalt have of me
The sweetest kisse that ere was given thee.

What dost thou stick at? thy hand trembles: what,
Art thou so weary? If thy nails will not,
Let thy teeth do't: come fumbler, let mee see;
I can my self untangle without thee.

Fye, how with knots on knots it is perplext?
The best on't is, thou must be blinded next.

So, now 'tis loos'd: Hah! whom have we here?

Traitor avaunt. I am unspirited. *Mir.* Dear
Soul, do not strive to goe away. *Am.* Unhand
(Forcer of Nymphs) unhand me, I command.

Ay me! *Aglaura* and *Eliza* tarry,
Betrayers of my innocence, where are ye?—
Unhand me villain. *Mir.* I obey. *Am.* This plot
Corisca laid: Now tell her what th'ast got.

Mir. O whither fly'st thou Cruell? ere thou go
Banquet thy eyes yet with my death: for lo,
I pierce my bosome with this dart. *Am.* Ay me!
What wilt thou do? *Mir.* That which it troubles thee
Perchance (dire Nymph) that any should be fed
T' have done, but thou. *Am.* (Ay me! I'm almost dead)

Mirt. And if this action to thy hand be due,
Behold the weapon and the brest! *Am.* 'Tis true,
Thou hast deserv'd it of me. What could move
Thy heart to such a high presumption? *Mir.* Love.

Am. "Love never causes rudenes. *Mir.* Then conclude,
"I was in love, because I was not rude:

N

For

For if within thy arms thou caughtst me first,
 I cannot well with rudenesse be asperst,
 Since with so fair an opportunity
 To be audacious, and to use with thee
 The Lawes of Love, I had such power yet over
 My self, I ev'n forgot I was a Lover.

Am. Upbraid me not with what I blind did doe.

Mir. I being in Love was blinder of the two.

Am. "Pray'r and sweet language discreet Lovers use
 "To winne their Loves; not theft and cheats, t'abuse.

Mir. As a wild beast enrag'd with want of food
 Rushes on travellers out of the wood:

So I, that onely live on thy fair eyes,
 Since that lov'd food thy crueltie denyes,
 Or else my Fate, if like a ravenous Lover
 Rushing to day upon thee from this Cover,
 Where I had long been famish't, I did prove
 One stratagem to save my life (which Love
 Prompted me to) then blame not, cruell Maid,
 Me but thy self; for if (as thou hast said)
 Pray'r and sweet language onely should be us'd
 By discreet Lovers, which thou hast refus'd
 To hear from me; thou by thy crueltie,
 Thou by thy flight mad'st me I could not be
 A discreet Lover. *Am.* If th'adst gi'n her over
 That fled from thee, th'adst been a discreet Lover.
 But know, thou persecutest me in vain;

What wouldst thou have of me? *Mir.* I'd have thee daign

Once

Once'ere I die to hear me. *Am.* See ! as soon
As thou hast askt, thou hast receiv'd the boon.
Now then be gone. *Mir.* Ah Nymph ! I've scarcely yet
Powr'd one small drop out to thee of the great
Sea of my tears. If not for Pitie's sake,
Yet for the Pleasure thou therein wilt take,
Lift' to a dying man's last accents. *Am.* Well,
To shun more trouble, and thy hopes to quell,
To hear thee I'm content. But this before ;
Say little, quickly, part, and come no more.

Mir. Thou dost command me, cruell'ft Nymph, to bind
In volume too too small that unconfin'd
Desire, which scarcely humane thought (though it
Be as the soul that holds it, infinit)
Hath line to fathom.

That I do love thee more then I do love
My life (if thou doubt'st, Cruel) ask this Grove,
And that will tell thee ; and with it each beast,
Each stupid stock there can the same attest ;
Each stone of these high mountains, which so oft
I with the voice of my complaints made soft.
But what need I call any witnesse else
To prove my love, where so much beauty dwels ?
Behold these flow'rs which make low earth so proud !
Those Stars which nail Heav'ns pavement ! all these crowd
Into one ring : A beautie like that same
In the high cause and forcer of my flame.
For as by nature Water doth descend,

The Fire unto the higher Regions tend
 The Air obliquely spread it self, the Ground
 Lie still, and heav'n about all these turn round.
 So naturally do I incline to thee,
 As to my chiefest good ; so naturally
 To those lov'd beauties (as unto her sole)
 With all her wing'd affections flies my soul.
 And he that should imagine he had force
 Her from her dearest object to divorce,
 Might with as much facility command
 The Air, the Fire, the Water and the Land,
 The Heavens too from their accustom'd track,
 And make the Pillars of the world to crack.
 But since thou bidst me say but little, I
 Shall say but little, saying that *I dye* :
 And shall doe lesse in dying, since I see
 How much my death is coveted by thee.
 Yet I shall doe (alas) all that is left
 For me to do, of hopes in love bereft.
 But (cruell soul) when I am in my grave,
 Some pitie then upon my sufferings have.
 Ah ! fair and lov'd, and that wert once the sweet
 Cause of my life (whilst Heaven thought it meet)
 Turn those bright lamps upon me, as benigne
 And pitifull as ere I saw them shine,
 Once ere I dye, that I may dye in peace.
 Let those fair amiable eyes release
 My life, now bitter, which once sweetned it ;

And those bright Starres, which my loves torches li't,
Light too my Funerall tapers, and forerun,
As once my rising, now my setting Sun.
But thou more hard then ere thou wert before,
Feel'st yet no spark of pity ; but art more
Stiffe with my pray'rs. Must I then talk alone ?
Wretch that I am, discourse I to a stone ?
Say *Dye*, at least, if nothing else thou'lt say ;
And thou shalt see me dye. O Love ! what way
Canst thou not plague me ? when this Nymph that's nurst
In cruelty, and for my blood did thirst,
Finding my death would now a favour be,
Ev'n that sad favour doth deny to me ?
Nor will reply a syllable, or daign
One stabbing word to put me out of pain ?

Am. To answer thee if I had promised,
As well as hear thee, this were justly sed.
Thou call'st me cruell, hoping, that to shun
That vice, into the contrary I'le run.
But know, my ears are not so tickel'd
With that (by me so little merited
And lesse desired) praise thou giv'st to me
Of beauty, as to hear my self by thee
"Stil'd Cruell ; which to be to any other
"I grant were vice ; t'is vertue to a Lover :
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And

Pastor fido.

99

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Yet

Yet tell me, when hath *Amarillis* bin
 Cruell to thee? was't then when justice bad
 To use no pitie; yet on thee I had
 So much, that I from death deliver'd thee?
 I mean, when 'mongst a noble companie
 Of modest Virgins mingled, thou didst cover
 With a Maid's habit a libidinous Lover:
 And, our chaste sports polluting, didst intrude
 'Mongst kisses feign'd and innocent thy lewd
 And wanton kisses (such an act, as yet
 I blush as oft as I but think on it).
 But at that time I knew thee not (Heav'n knows)
 And when I did, my indignation rose.
 Thy wantonnesse I from my mind did keep,
 And suffred not the amorous plague to creep
 To my chaste heart: on my lips outer skin
 The poyson stuck, but none of it got in.

“A mouth that's kiss'd perforce,
 “If it spit out the kisse, is ne're the worse.
 But what wouldst thou by that bold theft have got,
 If I had to those Nymphs discover'd what
 Thou wert? the *Thracian* women never tore
 And murther'd *Orpheus* so on Hebrus shore,
 As they had thee, unlesse her clemencie
 Whom thou call'st cruell now had rescu'd thee.
 But she is not so cruell as she ought
 To be: for if when she is cruell thought
 Thy boldnesse is so great, what would it be

If she were judged pitifull by thee?
That honest pitie which I could, I gave;
Other it is in vain for thee to crave,
Or hope: "for amorous pitie she can ill
"Bestow, who gave it all to one that will
"Give her none back. If thou my Lover be,
Love my good name, my life, my honestie.
Thou seek'st impossibles; I am a ward
To Heav'n, Earth watches me, and my reward
If I transgresse, is death: but most of all,
Vertue defends me with a brasen wall.
"For she that is protected by her honour,
"Scorns there should be a safer guard upon her.
Look to thy safety then, and do not give
Battell to me, *Mirtillo*: fly, and live,
If thou be wise. "For out of sense of smart
"T' abandon life, argues but a faint heart.
"And 'tis the part of vertue to abstain
"From what we love, if it will prove our bane.
Mir. "He that no longer can resist must yeeld.
Am. "Where vertue is, all passions quit the field.
Mir. "Love triumphs over vertue. *Am.* Let that man
"That cannot what he will, will what he can.
Mir. "Necessitie of loving hath no law. (draw.
Am. "Love's wounds will heal, which salves of absence
Mir. "We fly in vain what we about us carry.
Am. "Love drives out love like following billows: Marry.
Mir. Strange levitie in me thou dost presume.

Am. "If all wayes fail, time will thy love consume.

Mir. But first my love will have consumed me.

Am. Is there no cure then for thy malady?

Mir. No cure at all but that which death affords.

Am. Death? let me speak then; and be sure these words
Be as a charm unto thee: though I know
"When Lovers talk of dying, it doth show
"An amorous custome rather of the tongue,
"Then a resolve of minde (continuing long)
"To do't indeed: yet if thou ere shouldst take
So strange a frenzie; know, when thou dost make
Away thy self, thou murtherst my fame too:
Live then (if thou dost love me) and adieu:
I shall esteem thee henceforth most discreet,
If thou take care we two may never meet.

Mir. Sad doom! without my life how can I live?
Or without death end to my torments give?

Am. *Mirtillo*, 'Tis high time thou wentst away,
Thou hast already made too long a stay:
Be gone; and take this cordiall along,
"Of hopelesse Lovers there's a numerous throng,
"There is no wound but carries with it pain,
And there are others may of love complain.

Mir. I know I'm not the only man hath lost
His Love; but onely wretched I am tost
'Twixt life and death; of whom it may be sed,
That I am neither living, nor yet dead.

Am. Begone, be gone. *Mir.* O wofull parting! O
End

End of my dayes ! from thee how can I go,
And yet not dye ? The pangs of death I'm sure
I feel, and all that parting souls endure.
For mine, 'tis past into my griefs : Hence I
Have ceas'd to live, those live immortally.

Scena quarta.

A M A R I L L I S.

Mirtillo, O Mirtillo ! couldst thou see
That heart which thou condemn'st of cruelty,
(Soul of my soul) thou unto it wouldst show
That pity which thou begg'st from it I know.
O ill starr'd Lovers ! what avails it me
To have thy love ? T'have mine, what boots it thee ?
Whom Love hath joyn'd why dost thou separate,
Malitious Fate ! And two divorc'd by Fate
Why joyn'st thou perverse Love ? How blest are you
Wild beasts, that are in loving ty'd unto
No lawes but those of Love ! whilst humane lawes
Inhumanely condemn us for that cause.
" O why, if this be such a naturall
" And powerfull passion, was it capitall !
" Nature too frail, that do'st with Law contend !
" Law too severe, that Nature do'st offend !

O

" But

"But what? they love but little who death fear.
 Ah, my *Mirtillo*! would to heav'n that were
 "The onely penaltie. Vertue, which art
 "The bindingst Law to an ingenuous heart,
 This inclination which in me I feel,
 Lanc'd with the sharp point of thy holy steel,
 To thee I sacrifice; and pardon (dear
Mirtillo) her, that's onely cruell, where
 She must not pitie. Pardon thy fierce foe
 In looks and words: but in her heart not so.
 Or if addicted to revenge thou be,
 What greater vengeance canst thou take on me
 Then thine own grief? for if thou be my heart.
 (As in despight of Heaven and Earth thou art)
 Thy sighs my vitall spirits are, the flood
 Of tears which follows is my vitall blood,
 And all these pangs, and all these groans of thine
 Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

Scena quinta.

CORISCA, AMARILLIS.

Cor. **S**ister, no more dissembling. Am. Woe is me!
 I am discovered. Cor. I heard all: now see,
 Was I a Witch? I did believe (my Heart)
 Thou wert in love; now I am sure thou art.

And

And would'st thou keep't from me ? thy closet ? tush,
This is a common evill, never blush.

Am. *Corisca*, I am conquer'd (I confess't)

Cor. No, now I know't, deny it thou wert best.

Am. "Alas ! I knew a womans heart would prove
"Too small a vessell for o're-flowing love.

Cor. Cruell to thy *Mirtillo* ! but unto
Thy self much more ! *Am.* 'Tis cruelty that grew
"From pitie. *Cor.* Poyson ne're was known to grow
"From wholsom root : What diff'rence canst thou show
'Twixt such a crueltie as doth offend,
And such a pitie as no help will lend ?

Am. Ay mee, *Corisca* ! *Cor.* 'Tis a vanitie
(Sister) to sigh, an imbecillitie
Of mind, and tastes too much of woman. *Am.* Wer't
Not crueller to nourish in his heart
A hopelesse love ? To fly him is a signe
I have compassion of his case and mine.

Cor. But why a hopelesse love ? *Am.* Do'st thou not know
I am contracted unto *Silvio* ?

Do'st thou not know besides what the Law saith,
'Tis death in any woman that breaks faith ?

Cor. O fool ! and is this all stands in thy way ?
Whether is ancients with us (I pray)
"The Law of *Dian*, or of Love ? this last
"Is born with us, and it growes up as fast
"As we do, *Amarillis* ; 'tis not writ,
"Nor taught by Masters, Nature printed it

"But what? they love but little who death fear.
 Ah, my *Mirtillo*! would to heav'n that were
 "The onely penaltie. Vertue, which art
 "The bindingst Law to an ingenuous heart,
 This inclination which in me I feel,
 Lanc'd with the sharp point of thy holy steel,
 To thee I sacrifice; and pardon (dear
Mirtillo) her, that's onely cruell, where
 She must not pitie. Pardon thy fierce foe
 In looks and words: but in her heart not so.
 Or if addicted to revenge thou be,
 What greater vengeance canst thou take on me
 Then thine own grief? for if thou be my heart.
 (As in despite of Heaven and Earth thou art)
 Thy sighs my vitall spirits are, the flood
 Of tears which follows is my vitall blood,
 And all these pangs, and all these groans of thine
 Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

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"The Law of *Dian*, or of Love ? this last
"Is born with us, and it growes up as fast
"As we do, *Amarillis* ; 'tis not writ,
"Nor taught by Masters, Nature printed it

"In humane hearts with her own powerfull hand:

"Both Gods and men are under Loves command.

Am. But if that Law my life away should take,
Can this of Love a restitution make?

Cor. Thou art too nice; if women all were such,
And on these scruples should insist so much,
Good dayes adieu. I hold them simple souls
Will live obnoxious to such poor comptrolls.

"Lawes are not for the wise: if to be kind
Should merit death, *Jove* help the cruell mind!

But if fools fall into those snares, 'tis fit
They be forbid to steal, who have not wit

"To hide their theft. For honestie is but

"An art, an honest glosse on vice to put.

Think others as they list; thus I conceive.

Am. These rotten grounds, *Corisca*, will deceive.

"What I can't hold 'tis wisdom soon to quit.

Cor. "And who forbids thee fool? our life doth flit

"Too fast away to lose one jot of it;

"And men so squemish and so curious grown,

"That two of our new Lovers make not one

"O'th' old. We are no longer for their tooth

"(Believ't) then while w' are new. Bate us our youth,

"Bate us out beauty, and like hollow trees

"Which had been stuff'd with honey by the bees,

"If that by licourish hands away be ta'ne,

"Dry and despised trunks we shall remain.

Therefore let them have leave to babble what

They

Pastor fido.

85

They please, as those who know nor reckon not
What the poor woman *Amarillis* bears,
Our case alas is differing much from theirs.

"Men in perfection as in age increase,
"Wisdom supplies the losse of handsomnesse :

"But when our Youth and Beauty (which alone
"Conquers the strength and wit of men) are gone,

"All's gone with us ; nor canst thou possibly

"Say a worse thing, or to be pardon'd thee

"More hardly, then *Old woman*. Then before
Thou split on that unevitable shore,

Know thine own worth, and do not be so mad,
As when thou mayst live merry, to live sad.

What would the lion's strength boot him, or wit
Avail a man, unlesse he used it ?

Our beauty is to us that which to men
Wit is, or strength unto the lion. Then

"Let us use it whilst wee may ;

"Snatch those joyes that haste away.

"Earth her winter-coat may cast,

"And renew her beauty past ;

"But, our winter come, in vain

"We sollicite spring again :

"And when our furrows snow shall cover,

"Love may return, but never Lover.

Am. Thou say'st all this only to try me sure,
Not that thy thoughts are such. But rest secure,

Unlesse

Unlesse the way thou unto me shalt show
 Be a plain way, and warrantable too
 To break this Match ; I am resolv'd to die
 A thousand deaths, 'ere stain my honestie.

Cor. More wilfull woman I did never know.
 But since thou art so resolved, be it so.
 Tell me good *Amarillis*, seriously,
 Do'st thou suppose thy *Silvio* sets by
 His faith as much as thou thy honestie ?

Am. Thou mak'st me laugh at this : wherein should he
 Expresse a faith, who is to love a foe ?

Cor. Love's foe ? O fool ! thou know'st not *Silvio*.
 He is the still sow, hee. O these coy souls !
 Believe them not : the deep stream silent rowls.

" No theft in Love so subtil, so secure,

" As to hide sin by seeming to be pure.

In short, thy *Silvio* loves : but 'tis not thee

(Sister) he loves. *Am.* What Goddesse may she be ?

For certainly she is no mortall Dame

That could the heart of *Silvio* inflame. (said ?

Cor. Nor Goddesse, nor yet Nymph. *Am.* What hast thou

Cor. Do'st thou know my *Lisetta* ? *Am.* Who ? the Maid
 That tends thy Flocks ? *Cor.* The same. *Am.* It cannot be
 She, I am sure, *Corisca* ? *Cor.* Very she,
 I can assure thee, she is all his joy.

Am. A proper choice for one that was so coy.

Cor. But wilt thou know how he doth pine away
 And languish for this Jewell ? Every day

He feigns to go a hunting. *Am.* Every morn
Soon as it dawns I hear his cursed horn.

Cor. And just at noon, when others are i'th' heat
Of all the sport, he doth by stealth retreat
From his Companions, and comes all alone
Unto my garden by a way unknown :
Where underneath a haw-thorn hedges shade
(Which doth the garden fence about) the Maid
Hears his hot sighs, and amorous pray'rs, which she
Comes laughing afterwards and tels to me.
Now hear what I to serve thee've thought upon ;
Or rather, what I have already done.

I think thou knowst, that *the same Law which hath*
Enjoyn'd the woman to observe her faith
To her betrothed, likewise doth enact,
That if the woman catch him in the fact
Of falsehood, spite of friends she may deny
To have him, and without disloyalty
Marry another. *Am.* This I know full well ;
And thereof some examples too could tell,
Of my own knowledge ; *Egle* having found
Licotas false, remain'd her self unbound.
Armilla did from false *Turingo* so,
And *Phillida* from *Ligurino* go.

Cor. Now list' to me : My Maid (by me set on)
Hath bid her credulous Lover meet anon
In yonder cave with her ; whence he remains
The most contented of all living swains,

And

And waits but th' hour : there thou shalt catch him ; where
I too will be witnesse of all to bear :

(For without this our plot would be in vain.)

So without any hazard, or least stain

To thine, or to thy fathers honour, thou

Shalt free thy self from this distastefull vow.

Am. I like it rarely : but the way, the way,
Corisca? *Cor.* Marry thus (observe me pray)
I th' middle of the cave (which narrow is
And very long) upon the right hand lies
Another lesser Grot (I know not whether
By nature, or by art, or both together
Made) in the hollow stone, whose slimie wall
Is hid with clinging Ivie, and a small
Hole in the roof lets light in from above,
(Fit receptacles for the thefts of Love,
Yet cheerfull too enough) there thou shalt hide
Thy self, and hidden in that place abide
Till the two Lovers come ; I mean to send
Lisetta first, and after her, her friend,
Following his steps my self aloof : And when
I shall perceive him stept into the den,
Rush after him will I. But lest he should
Escape from me : when I have laid fast hold
Upon him, I will use *Lisetta's* aid,
And joyning both (for so the plot is laid
Between us two) together we will make
A cry, at which thou too shalt come, and take

The penalty o'th' law 'gainst *Silvia*.
Then my *Lisetta* and we two will go
Before the Priest ; and so thou shalt unty
The Nuptiall knot. *Am.* Before his Father ? *Cor.* Why ?
What matters that ? Think'st thou *Montano's* blood
Will stand in balance with his Countries good ?
Or that his sacred function hee'l neglect
For any carnall or profane respect ?

Am. Go to then (setting all disputes aside)
I wink, and follow thee my faithfull guide.

Cor. Then linger not (my Heart) enter into
The Cave. *Am.* Unto the Temple first I'll go
"T'adore the gods : For unlesse Heaven give
"Successe, no mortall enterprise can thrive.

Cor. "To devout hearts all places Temples are:
It will lose too much time. *Am.* "In using pray'r
"To them that made time, time cannot be lost.

Cor. Go and return then quickly. So almost
I'm past the bad way ; onely this delay
Gives me some cause of trouble ; yet this may
Be of use too. Something there would be done
T' abuse my honest Lover *Coridon*.
I'll say, I'll meet him in the Cave, and so
Will make him after *Amarillis* go.
This done, by a back way I'll thither send
The Priest of *Dian* her to apprehend :
Guilty she will be found, and sentenced
To death without all doubt. My Rivall dead,

Mirtillo is mine own : His cruelty
 To me being caus'd by's love to her. But see
 The man ! I'll sound him till she comes. Now rise,
 Rise all my Love into my tongue and eyes.

Scena sexta.

MIRTILLO, CORISCA.

Mir. **H**ear ye damn'd spirits that in hell lament,
 Hear a new sort of pain and punishment.
 See in a Turtles look a Tigers minde !
 She, crueller then death, 'cause she did find
 One death would not suffice her bloody will,
 And that to live was to be dying still,
 Enjoyns me, not to make my self away,
 That I might die a thousand times a day.

Cor. (I'll make as though I saw him not) I hear
 A dolefull voice pierce my relenting ear,
 Who should it be ? *Mirtillo*, is it thou ?

Mir. I would it were my ghost. *Cor.* Well, well :
 but how

(And tell me true) thy self now dost thou find,
 Since to thy dearest Nymph thou brak'st thy mind ?

Mir. As one who in a feaver cast,
 Forbidden liquor long'd to taste,

If gotten, sets it to his mouth,
And quenches life, but cannot drouth :
So I, with amorous feaver long
Consumed, from her eyes and tongue
Sweet poyson suck'd, which leaves me more
Enflamed then I was before.

Cor. " Love upon us no-power can have
" But what our selves (*Mirtillo*) gave.
" As a Bear doth with her tongue
" Polish her mishapen young
" Which had else in vain been born :
" So an Am'rist giving form
" To a rude and faint desire
" That would otherwise expire,
" Hatches Love ; which is at first
" Weak and raw, but when 'tis nurst,
" Fierce and cruell. Take't upon
" My word, an old affection
" Tyrannizes in a brest,
" And grows a Master from a guest.
" For when the soul shall once be brought
" To be fettred to one thought,
" And that, not have the pow'r to move
" A minute from its object, Love
" (Made for delight) will turn to sadness ;
" And which is worse, to death or madness.
" Therefore my advice shall be,
" To part thy love to two or three.

Mir. Let death or madness me betide,
Rather then my Flame divide.

Amarillis (though she be
Cruell and unkind to me)
Is my Life and Reason too,
And to her I will be true.

Cor. Foolish Swain ! that canst not tell
How to make a bargain well.
What ? change love for hatred ? I
Rather now then do't would dye.

Mir. " Cruelty doth faith refine,
" As the fire the golden mine :
" Where were the loyaltie of Love,
" If women should not tyrants prove ?
In my many sufferings this
All my joy and comfort is,
Sorrows, tortures, exile, gall,
Here's a cause will sweeten all.
Let me languish, let me burn,
Let me any thing but turn.

Cor. O brave Lover ! valiant brest !
More impetuous then a beast !
And yet tamer then a rock
Which endures the Ocean's shock !
" In Lovers hearts there cannot be
" A worse disease then Constancie,
" O most unhappy those in whom
" This foolish Idol finds a room !

" Which

"Which shackles us, when we might prove

"The sweet variety of Love.

With this dull vertue Constancie,

Tell me (simple Lover) why

Amarillis ? For her face ?

Whom another must embrace ?

Or do'st thou affect her mind,

Which to thee is not inclin'd ?

All then thou canst doat upon

Is thine own destruction.

And wilt thou be still so mad

To covet that cannot be had ?

Up *Mirtillo*, know thy parts :

Canst thou want a thousand hearts ?

Others I dare swear there be,

That would sue as much to thee.

Mir. To be *Amarillis* thrall

Is more then to command them all.

And if she my suit deny,

All that's pleasure I defie.

I to make another choice ?

In another I rejoyce ?

Neither could I if I would,

Neither would I if I could :

But if possible to me

Such a will or power be,

Heav'n and Love before that hour

Strip me of all will and pow'r.

Cor. Thou art enchanted : otherwise
Couldst thou too thy self despise ?

Mir. I must, when I'm despis'd by her
(*Corisca*). *Cor.* Come *Mirtillo*, ne're
Deceive thy self : perhaps thou dost suppose
Shee loves thee in her heart, although shee shoves
An outward scorn. If thou but knewst what shee
Talks oftentimes to me concerning thee.

Mir. All these are trophies of my constant love,
With which I'll triumph o're the Pow'rs above,
And men below, my torments, and her hate,
O're Fortune and the world, o're Death and Fate.

Cor. (Wonder of Constancy ! if this man knew
How much hee's lov'd by her, what would hee do ?)

Mirtillo, how it pities me to hear
These frantick speeches ! Tell me, wert thou 'ere
In love before ? *Mir.* Fair *Amarillis* was
My first, and shall be my last Love. *Cor.* Alas !
It should seem then that thou didst never prove
Any but cruell, but disdainfull Love.

O that 't had been thy chance but once to be
In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free !
Try that a little : try it, and thou'lt finde
How sweet it is to meet with one that's kinde,
That loves and honours thee as much as thou
Thy sowre and cruell *Amarillis* ; how
Delightfull 'tis to have a joy as great
As is thy love, a happinesse compleat

Pastor fido.

III

As thy own wish : to have thy Mistresse twine
About thy neck, and her sighs eccho thine :
And after say, My Joy, all that I have,
All that I am, and thy desires can crave,
At thy devotion is : If I am fair,
For thee I'm fair ; for thee I deck this hair,
This face, this bosome ; from this brest of mine
I turn'd out my own heart to harbour thine.—

But this is a small river to that vast
Sweet sea of pleasure which love makes us taste,
And they alone that taste can well relate.

Mir. A thousand thousand times most fortunate
Is he that's born under so blest a star !

Cor. Hear me *Mirtillo* : (ere I was aware
I'd almost call'd him mine) a Nymph as fair
As the proud'st she that curls or spreads to th' air
Her golden tresses, worthy of thy love
As thou of hers, the honour of this Grove,
Love of all hearts ; by every worthier swain
In vain solicited, ador'd in vain,
Doth love thee onely, and thee onely prize
More then her life, and more then her own eyes.

Mirtillo, scorn her not, if wise thou be ;
For as the shadow doth the body, she
Will follow thee through all the world : she will
At thy least word and beck be ready still
As thy obedient hand-maid : night and day
With thee shee'll passe the tedious hours away.

Ah !

Ah! do not wave (*Mirtillo*) do not wave
 So rare a blisse; the perfect'st joyes we have
 Are those which neither sighs nor tears do cost,
 Nor danger, and on which least time is lost.
 Here thou hast passe-time at thy door, a feast
 Upon the table alwayes ready drest
 To please thy taste. Ay me! canst thou receive
 A greater gift then this? *Mirtillo*, Leave,
 Leave this cold hunting after flying feet,
 And her that runs to thy embraces, meet.
 Nor do I feed thee with vain hopes; command
 Her come, and she that loves thee is at hand,
 Now, if thou say the word. *Mir.* I prethee rest
 Content, my pallat is not for a feast.

Cor. Try but what joy is made of once, and then
 Return unto thy wonted grief agen,
 That thou maist say, thou hadst a taste of both.

Mir. "Distemper'd palats all sweet things do loath.

Cor. Yet do't in pitie unto her that dyes,
 Unlesse sh' enjoy the sun of thy fair eyes.
 Uncharitable youth, art not thou poor?
 And canst thou beat a beggar from thy door?
 Ah! what thou wouldst another should extend
 To thee, do thou now to another lend.

Mir. What alms can beggers give? In short, I swore
 Allegiance to that Nymph whom I adore,
 Whether she tyrant prov'd, or mercifull.

Cor. O truly blind, and most unhappy, dull

Mirtillo!

Mirtillo P. who is't thou art constant to ?
 I am unwilling to add wee to woe;
 But thou art too much wrong'd I' faith, and I
 That love thee am not able to stand by
 And see thee so betraid. If thou suppose
 This crueltye of *Amarillis* growes
 From zeal to vertue or Religion,
 Th'art gull'd: another doth possesse the throne,
 And thou (poor wretch!) whilst he doth laugh, must cry.
 What, stricken dumb? *Mir.* I'm in an ecstasie,
 'Twixt life and death suspended, till I know
 Whether I should believe thee now or no.

Cor. Do'st not believe me then? *Mir.* If I did, I
 Had not surviv'd it sure: and I will dye
 Yet, if it be a truth. *Cor.* Live (*Caitiffe*) live
 To be reveng'd. *Mir.* But I cannot believe
 It is a truth. *Cor.* Wilt thou not yet believe,
 But force me to tell that which it will grieve
 Thy soul to hear? Do'st thou see yonder cave?
 That is thy Mistresse Faith's and Honour's grave:
 There laughs sh'at thee, there makes of thy anoy
 A poynant sawce to thy tir'd Rivals joy.
 In short; there oft a base-born shepherd warms
 Thy vertuous *Amarillis* in his arms.
 Now go and figh, and whine, and constant prove
 Unto a Nymph that thus rewards thy love.

Mir. Ay me *Corisca*! do'st thou tell me true?
 And is it fit I should believe thee too?

Q

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Cor. Thou art enchanted : otherwise
Couldst thou too thy self despise ?

Mir. I must, when I'm despis'd by her
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 And is it fit I should believe thee too ?

Q

Cor.

Cor. The more thou searchest, 'twill the worser be.

Mir. But didst thou see't *Corisca*? wo is me!

Cor. Truth is, I did not see it, but thou mayst,
And presently, for she her word hath past
To meet him there this very hour: But hide
Thy self beneath that shady hedges side,
And thou thy self shalt see her straight descend
Into the cave, and after her, her friend.

Mir. So quickly must I dye? *Cor.* See! I have sp'd
Her coming down already by the side
O'th' Temple: mark! how guiltily she moves!
Her stealing pace betraying their stoln loves.
To mark the sequell, do thou here remain,
And afterwards we two will meet again.

Mir. Since the discovery of the truth's so neer,
With my belief I will my death defer.

Scena septima.

A M A R I L L I S.

“ N O mortall work successfully is done
“ Which with th'immortall gods is not begun.
Full of distractions, and with heavie heart
I did from hence unto the Temple part:
Whence (Heaven be prais'd) I come as light as air,
And strangely comforted: for at my pray'r

Pure and devout, I felt from thence, (me thought)
Another soul into my body shot,
Which whisper'd, Fear not *Amarillis*, go
Securely on. I, and I will do so,
Heav'n guiding. — Fair Mother of Love, befriend
Her that on thee for succour doth depend :
Thou that as Queen in the third Orb do'st shine,
If e're thou felt'st thy Son's flames, pitie mine.
Bring (courteous Goddesse) by a secret path
Quickly that youth to whom I've pawn'd my faith.
And thou deer cave, till I have done my work,
Suffer this slave of Love in thee to lurk.
But *Amarillis*, all the coast is cleer,
None nigh to see thee, and none nigh to hear ;
Securely enter. O *Mirtillo*, O
Mirtillo, if thou dream'dst wherefore I go ! —

Scena octava.

M I R T I L L O.

I Wake, and see, what I could wisht' have been
Born without eyes, that I might not have seen :
Or rather not to have been born. Curst Fate !
Why hast thou thus prolonged my lifes date,
To bring me to this killing spectacle ?
Mirtillo, more tormented then in hell

Q²

The

The blackest soul is, not to doubt thy grief?
 Not to be able to suspend beleif?
 Thou, thou hast heard and seen't : thy Mistresse is
 Another man's. And (which is worse) not his
 Whose by the world's Laws she was bound to be,
 But by Love's Lawes snatcht both from him and thee.
 O cruell *Amarillis* ! to undo
 This wretched man, and then to mock him too
 With that unconstant mouth which once did meet,
 And once did call *Mirtillo's* kisses sweet :
 But now his loathed name (which haply rose
 Like bitter drink that 'gainst the stomach goes)
 Because it should not bitterneffe impart
 To thy delight, hath spu'd out of thy heart ?
 Since therefore she who gave thee life, hath ta'ne
 That life away, and given it again
 'T another : why do'st thou thy life survive,
 Wretched *Mirtillo* ? Why art thou alive ?

Dye, dye *Mirtillo* unto grief and smart,
 As unto joy already dead thou art.
 Dye, dead *Mirtillo* ; since thy life is so,
 Let thy pangs likewise be concluded. Go
 Out of the anguish of this death, which still
 Keeps thee alive, that it may longer kill.
 But shall I dye then unrevenged ? Sure
 I'll slay him first that did my death procure.
 I will dispense with my dire love of death
 Till I have justly ta'ne away his breath

Who slew my heart unjustly. Yeeld stout grief.
To anger, death to life, till in my life
I have aveng'd my death.

Let not this steel be drunken with the flood
Of its own Master's unrevenged blood :

Nor this right hand be Pitie's, till it hath
First made it self the Minister of wrath.

Thou that enjoy'st my spoyle (what ere thou be)
Since I must fall, I'll pull thee after me.

In the same brake I'll plant my self agen ;
And when I spie him coming to the den,
Will rush upon him with this piercing dart
At unawares, and strike him through the heart.

But is't not base to strike him out of sight ?

It is : defie him then to single fight,

Where valour may my justice prove. But no :

This place is unto all so known, and so

Frequented, that some swains may interpose :

Or (which is worse) enquire of me whence grows

Our quarrell ; which if I deny, 'tis naught

They'l think ; if feign a cause, I may be caught

Then in a lie ; if tell't, her name will be

Blasted with everlasting infamie :

In whom, although I never can approve

That which I see, yet I must ever love

That which I fanci'd, and did hope t' have seen,

And that which ought (I'm sure) in her t' have been.

Dye basely then the base Adulterer,

Who

Who hath slain me, and hath dishonour'd her.
I, but the blood may (if I kill him here)
The murther show, and that the Murtherer ?
What do I care ? I, but the murth'rer known,
Bewrays the cause for which the murther's done.
So this ungratefull woman runs the same
Hazard this way of shipwrak in her fame.
Enter the cave then, and assault him there.
Good, good ; tread softly, softly, lest she hear :
That she's at th'other end her words imply'd.
Now (hid with branches) in the Rock's left side
There is a hollow at the steep stairs foot,
There without any noyse, I'll wait to put
In execution my designe. My foe
Dispatch'd, his bleeding carcasse I will throw
To my she-foe, to be reveng'd on two
At once. The self-same steel I'll then imbrue
In mine own blood : so three shall die in brief,
Two by my weapon, and the third of grief.
A sad and miserable tragedie
Of both her Lovers shall this Tigresse see,
Of him she loves, and him she scorns. And this
Cave which was meant the chamber of their blisse,
To her and to her minion shall become
And (which I more desire) t' her shame, a tombe.
But you dear footsteps (which I long have trac'd
In vain) unerring path, lead me at last
To where my Love is hid ; To you I bow,

Your

Your print I follow. O *Corisca*! now
I doe beleeeve thee: now th' hast told me true.

Scena nona.

S A T Y R.

DOes he believe *Corisca*? and pursue
Her steps to *Erycina's* Cave? a beast
Hath wit enough to apprehend the rest.
But if thou dost believe her, thou hadst need
Have from her good security indeed,
And hold her by a stronger tie then I
Had lately of her hair. But stronger tie
On her there cannot be then gifts. This bold
Strumpet her self to this young swain hath sold.
And here, by the false light now of this vault
Delivers the bad ware which he hath bought.
Or rather, 'tis Heav'ns justice which hath sent
Her hither to receive her punishment
From my revenging hands. His words did seem
T' imply she made some promise unto him,
Which he believ'd: and by his spying here
Her print, that she is in the cave, 'tis cleer.
Do a brave thing then: stop the mouth o' th' cave
With that great hanging stone, that they may have
No means of scaping; to the Priest then go,

And

And bring by the back-way (which few do know)
 His ministers to apprehend, and by
 The Law deservedly to make her dye.
 For 'tis not unto me long since unknown,
 That she contracted is to *Coridon*,
 How-ever he (because he stands in fear
 Of me) to lay his claim to her forbear.
 But now I'll give him leave at once to be
 Reveng'd on her both for him self and me.
 But I lose time in talk. From this young Grove
 I'll pull a tree up by the root, to move
 The stone withall. So, this I think will do.
 How heavie 'tis! The stone hath a root too.
 What if I min'd it with this trunk? and so,
 As with a leaver heav'd it from below?
 Good, good; now to the other side as much.
 How fast it sticks? I did not think it such
 A difficult attempt as it hath prov'd;
 The Center of the earth were easier mov'd.
 Nor strength, nor skill will do this work I, see:
 Or do's that vigour which was once in me
 Now fail me at my need? What do ye do
 My perverse Stars? I will, (in spite of you)
 I will remove it yet. The Divell haule
Corisca, (I had almost said) and all
 The sex of them. O *Pan Licens*, hear,
 And to move this, be moved by my pray'r!
Pan, thou that all things canst, and all things art,

Pastor fido

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Thou once thy self didst woe a stubborn heart,
Revenge on false *Corisca* now, thine own
And my despised Love. I move the stone
Thus by the vertue of thy sacred name ;
Thus rowls it by the vertue of the same.
So, now the Fox is trapt, and finely shut
Where she had earth'd her self. I'le now go put
Fire to the hole ; where I could wish to find
The rest of women, to destroy the kind.

C H O R U S.

O Love ! how potent and how great thou art !
Wonder of nature and the world ! What heart
So dull, as not to feel thy pow'r ? What wit
So deep and piercing, as to fathom it ?
Who knows thy hot lascivious fires ; will say,
Infernall spirit, thou dost live and sway
In the corporeall part. But who so knows
How thou dost men to vertuous things dispose,
And how the dying flame of loose desires
Looks pale, and trembles at thy chaster fires ;
Will say, Immortall God, i'th' soul alone
Thou hast established thy sacred Throne.
" Rare Monster ! wonderfully got betwixt
" Desire and Reason ; an affection mixt
" Of sense and intellectuall : With knowing wilde :
" With seeing blinde : A God, and yet a childe :

R

And

And (such) thou sway'st the Earth and Heaven too;
 On which thou tread'st as we on t'other do.
 Yet (by thy leave) a greater miracle,
 A mightier thing then thou art I can tell.
 For all thou do'st (that may our wonder claim)
 Thou do'st by vertue of a womans name.
 Woman! the gift of heav'n; or of him rather
 Who made thee fairer, being of both the Father,
 Wherein is Heav'n so beautifull as thou?
 That rowls one goggle eye in its vast brow
 (Like a grim Cyclop) not a lamp of light,
 But cause of blindnesse and Cymerian night
 To the bold gazer: if that sleek, it is
 A thundring voice; and if it sigh, the hiss
 Of earth-engendred windes. Thou, with the fair
 Angel-like prospect of two Suns, which are
 Serene and visible, doest still the windes
 And calm the Billows of tempestuous mindes;
 And Sound, Light, Motion, Beauty, Majesty,
 Make in thy face so sweet a harmony,
 That heav'n (I mean this outward heav'n) must needs
 Confesse thy form the form of that exceeds:
 Since beauty that is dead lesse noble is
 Then that which lives, and is a place of blisse.
 With reason therefore man (that gallant creature,
 That lords it over all the works of Nature)
 To thee as Lady Paramount payes duty,
 Acknowledging in thine, thy Makers beauty.

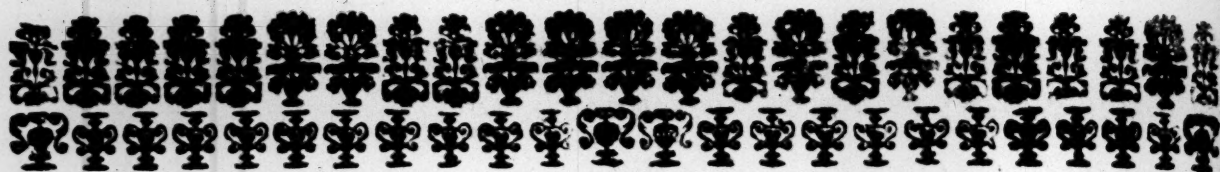
*And if hee Triumphs gain, and Thrones inherit,
It is not because thou hast lesse of merit ;
But for thy glory : since a greater thing
It is to conquer, then to be a King.*

*But that thy conqu'ring beauty doth subdue
Not onely man, but ev'n his Reason too,
If any doubt, hee in Mirtillo hath
A miracle that may constrain his faith.*

*This wanted (Woman) to thy pow'r before
To make us love when we can hope no more.*

R 2

Actus



Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

C O R I S C A.

MY heart and thoughts till now were so much set
 To train that foolish Nymph into my net,
 That my dear Hair (which by that Rogue was ta'ne
 From me) and how to get it back again
 I quite forgot : O how it troubled me
 To pay that ranfome for my liberty !
 But 't had been worfe t' have been a prisoner
 To fuch a beast : Who though he doth not bear
 A mouses heart, might have mouz'd me : For I
 Have (to fay truth) fool'd him fufficiently :
 And like a Horfe-leech did him fuck and drein
 As long as he had blood in any vein.
 And now hee's mov'd I love him not ; and mov'd
 He well might be, if him I e're had lov'd.
 How can one love a creature that doth want
 All that is lovely ? As a stinking plant

Which

Which the Physitian gather'd for the use
He had of it; when he hath strain'd the juice
And vertue out, is on the dunghill thrown;
So having squeez'd him, I with him have done.
Now will I see if *Coridon* into
The cave's descended. Hah! what do I view?
Wake I? or sleep I? or am drunk? but now
This cave's mouth open was I'm sure; then how
Comes it now shut? and with a ponderous
And massie stone rowl'd down upon it thus?
Earth-quake I'm sure t' unhenge it there was none.
Would I knew certainly that *Coridon*
And *Amarillis* were within; and then
Icar'd not how it came. Hee's in the den,
If (as *Lisetta* said) he parted were
From home so long ago. Both may be there,
And by *Mirtillo* shut together. "Love,
"Prickt with disdain, hath strength enough to move
"The world, much more a stone. Should it be true,
Mirtillo could not have deviz'd to doe
Ought more according to my heart then this,
Though he *Corisca* had enthron'd in his
In stead of *Amarillis*. I will goe
The back way in, that I the truth may know.



Scena

Scena secunda.

DORINDA, LINCO.

Dor. **B**Ut *Linco*, didst not thou know me indeed?

Lin. **B**Who could have known thee in this savage weed
 For meek *Dorinda*? But if I had been
 A ravenous hound (as I am *Linco*) then
 I to thy cost had known thee for a beast.
 What do I see? What do I see? *Dor.* Thou seest
 A sad effect of Love; a sad and strange
 Effect of loving (*Linco.*) *Lin.* Wondrous change!
 Thou a young Maid, so soft, so delicate,
 That wert (me thinks) an infant but of late,
 Whom in mine arms I bore (as I may say)
 A very little childe but yesterday,
 And steering thy weak steps, taught thee to name
 (When I thy Father serv'd) Daddy and Mam,
 Who like a tim'rous Doe (before thy heart
 Was made a prey t' insulting Love) didst start
 At every thing that on the sudden stirr'd,
 At every winde, at every little bird
 That shook a bough, each Lizard that but ran
 Out of a bush, made thee look pale and wan;
 Now all alone o're hils, through woods do'st passe
 Fearlesse of hounds or savage beasts. *Dor.* Alas!

"She whom Love wounds no other wound doth fear.

Lin. Indeed fair Nymph, Love shew'd his godhead here,
From woman to a man transforming thee,
Or rather to a wolf. *Dor.* If thou couldst see
Into my brest (O *Linco*!) then thou'dst say,
A living wolf upon my heart doth prey
As on a harmlesse lamb. *Lin.* Is *Silvio*
That wolf? *Dor.* Alas, who else can be't? *Lin.* And so
'Cause he's a wolf, thou a shee-wolf wouldst be,
To try, since on thy humane visage he
Was not enamour'd, if he would at least
Affect thee in the likenesse of a beast,
As being of his kind. But prethee where
Gotst thou these robes? *Dor.* I'll tell thee: I did hear
Silvio would chase to day the noble Bore
At Erimanthus foot; and there before
The morning peept, was I from wood to wood
Hunting the Hunter; by a crystall flood
From which our flocks did climb the hills, I found
Melampo the most beauteous *Silvio's* hound,
Who having quench'd his thirst there as I ghesse,
Lay to repose him on the neighb'ring grasse.
I, who love any thing that's *Silvio's*,
Even the very ground on which he goes,
And shadow which his beauteous limbs do cast;
Much more the dog on which his love is plac't,
Stooping laid sudden hold on him, who came
Along with me as gently as a lamb.

And

And whilst t'was in my thoughts to lead him back
 Unto his Lord and mine, hoping to make
 A friend of him with what he held so deer,
 He came himself to seek him, and stopt here.
 Deer *Linco*, I'll not lose thee so much time,
 As to tell all that's past 'twixt me and him ;
 This onely, to be brief, After a long
 Preface of oathes on one another strung,
 And treach'rous promises, this cruell swain
 Flung from me full of Anger and disdain,
 Both with his own *Melampo* (to his Lord
 So true) and with my deer and sweet reward.

Lin. O cruell *Silvio* ! ruthlesse swain ! But what
 Didst thou do then (*Dorinda* ?) didst thou not
 Hate him for this ? *Dor.* Rather (as if the fire
 Of his disdain Loves fire had been) his ire
 Increast my former flame. His steps I trace,
 And thus pursuing him towards the chace,
 I met (hard by) with my *Lupino*, whom
 Before a little I had parted from.

When straight it came into my head, that I
 In his attire, and in the company
 Of shepherds might be thought a shepherd too,
 And undiscover'd my fair *Silvio* view.

Lin. In a wolves likenesse amongst hounds ? and none
 Bite thee ? 'Tis much (*Dorinda*) thou hast done.

Dor. This (*Linco*) was no miracle : for they
 Durst not touch her who was their Masters prey.

There I, out of the tents, amidst the crue
Of neighb'ring shepherds that were met to view
The famous passe-time, stood admiring more
To see the Huntsman, then the hunted Bore :
At every motion of the furious beast,
My cold heart shiv'ed in my brest :
At every action of the brave young man
My soul with all her touch'd affections ran
In to his aid. But my extreme delight
Again was poyson'd with the horrid sight
Of the fierce Bore, whose strength and vast
Proportion, all proportion past.
As an impetuous whirlwind in a great
And sudden storm, which all that it doth meet
(Houses, and trees, and stones) before it bears,
All it can get within its circle tears
To pieces in an instant : so the Bore
Wheeling about (his tusks all foam and gore)
Pil'd in one heap dogs slain, spears knapt, men wounded.
How oft did I desire to have compounded
For *Silvio's* life, with the enraged Swine !
And for his blood ; t' have giv'n the Monster mine !
How oft was I about to run between,
And with my body his fair body screen !
Spare cruell Bore, (how often did I cry !)
Spare my fair *Silvio's* brest of Ivory ;
Thus to my self I spake, and sigh'd, and pray'd ;
When his fierce dog (arm'd with a brest-plate made

Of hard and scaly barks of trees) he slipt
 After the beast, now prouder, being dipt
 Thoroughly in blood, and lifted from the ground
 On slaughter'd trunks. The valour of that hound.
 (*Linco*) exceeds beliefe: and *Silvio*
 Not without reason surely loves him so.
 As a chafte Lion, which now, meets, now turns
 From an untamed Bulls well brandish'd horns,
 If once he come with his strong paw to seize
 Upon his shoulder, masters him with ease:
 So bold *Melampo* shunning with fine slights
 The Bores short turns, and rapid motion, lights
 At length upon his ear; which having bit
 Quite through, and lugg'd him twice or thrice by it,
 He with his teeth so naild him to the ground,
 That at his vast bulk now a mortall wound
 Might leuell'd be with greater certainty,
 (Before but slightly hurt) then suddenly
 My lovely *Silvio* (calling on the name
 Of *Dian*) Goddesse do thou give me aim
 (Quoth he) the horrid head is thine. This fed,
 His golden Quiver's swiftest shaft to th' head
 He drew; which flying to that very point
 Where the left shoulder knits with the neck joint,
 There wounded the fierce Bore, so down he fell.
 Then I took breath, seeing my *Silvio* well,
 And out of danger. Happy beast! to die
 So sweet a death, as by that hand, which I

Would

Would beg my end from. *Lin.* But what then became
Of the slain beast? *Dor.* I know not; for I came
Away, for fear of being known; but, I
Suppose, the head to th' Temple solemnly
They'll bear, according to my *Silvio's* vow.

Lin. But wilt thou not get out of these weeds now?

Dor. Yes: but my garments with my other geer
Lupine has, who promis'd to stay here
With them, but fails. Dear *Linco*, if thou love
Me, seek him for me up and down this grove:
Far off he cannot be; mean while I'll take
A little rest (dost see there?) in that Brake;
There I'll expect thee; for I am ore-come
With wearinesse and sleep, and will not home
Accoutred thus. *Lin.* I go: but stir not then
Out of that place till I return agen.

Scena tertia.

CHORUS, ERGASTO.

Cho. **H**Ave ye heard Shepherds that our Demy-God
(*Montano's* and *Alcides* worthy blood)
This day hath freed us from that dreadfull beast
Which all Arcadia lately did infest?
And that he is preparing himself now
I' th' Temple for it to perform his vow?

If for so great a benefit wee'd show
 Our gratitude, to meet him let us go,
 And joyn our tongues and hearts together there,
 To honour him as our Deliverer.

"Which honour, though it be reward too small

"For such a fair and valiant soul; 'tis all

"Vertue can have on earth. *Erg.* O sad disaster!

O bitter chance! O wound that hath no plaister!

O day to be for ever steep'd in tears!

Cho. What dolefull voice is this that strikes our ears?

Erg. Starres, that are enemies to man alwayes,
 Why do you mock our faith? why do you raise
 Our hope on high, that when it falls again
 The precipice may be with greater pain?

Cho. *Ergasto* by his voice; and it is hee.

Erg. But why do I accuse Heav'n wrongfully?
 Accuse thy self *Ergasto*: Thou alone,
 Thou, thou against the steel didst knock the stone;
 Thou layd'st the match unto the tinder; whence
 A flame unquenchable is kindled since.
 But Heav'n doth know, I for the best did do it,
 And pitie onely did induce me to it.

O ill starr'd Lovers! wretched *Titiro*!

Poor *Amarillis*! childlesse Father! O

Mourning *Montano*! O *Arcadia* gone

In a consumption far! and we undone!

In short, most sad, all I have seen! or see!

Or speak! or hear! or think! *Cho.* What may this be
 (Alas!)

(Alas!) that in one accident alone
Includes a generall desolation?

This way hee bends his course, let us go meet
Him (swains). *Erg.* Eternall Gods! is it not yet
Time to abate your wrath? *Cho.* Unfold to us
(Courteous *Ergasto*) what afflicts thee thus.

What dost thou moane? *Erg.* Your ruine and mine own:
The ruine of Arcadia I moane.

Cho. Alas! why so? *Erg.* The very staffe, the stay
Of all our hope is broke, is pull'd away.

Cho. Speak plainer. *Erg.* *Titiro's* daughter, that sole prop
Of her old House, and Father, the sole hope
Of our deliverance, promis'd here below,
Above decreed to marry *Silvio*,

As th' onely means that should Arcadia save;
That Heav'nly Maid, so sober, and so grave,
That President of honour (crown'd with Lillies
Of chastitie) that peerlesse *Amarillis*;

Shee, she (alas! I have no heart, no breath
To tell it you). *Cho.* Is dead? *Erg.* Is neer her death.

Cho. Alas! what have we heard? *Erg.* Nothing as yet:
She dies a malefactive: That, That's it.

Cho. A malefactive *Amarillis*? how
Ergasto? *Erg.* Caught with an Adult'rer now.
And, if ye stay a little longer here,
Led pinion'd to the Temple ye shall see her.

Cho. "O female structures, glorious and most fair,
"But weak withall! O chastitie, how rare

Art thou ! and shall it then be truly taxt,
No woman's chaste but shee that ne're was akst ?

Erg. Indeed, when she that's vertue's self doth fall,
We well may doubt the vertue of them all.

Cho. Pray, if it will not too much trouble be,
Tell the whole story to these swains and me.

Erg. I will : The Priest early to day (ye know)
Did with this wretched Nymph's sad Father go
Unto the sacred Temple ; with one care
Both moved, to facilitate with pray'r
Their childrens desired marriage. For this end
At once their incense did to heav'n ascend,
At once their offerings bled, their sacrifice
At once was done with due solemnities,
And such glad auspice, that no entrails e're
Were fairer seen, no flame was more sincere,
And lesse ecclips'd with smoke : mov'd with such signes,
Thus the blind prophet speaks, and thus divines ;
This day (Montano) shall thy Silvio love :
Thy Daughter (Titiro) a wife shall prove :
Go and prepare the Marriage. O absurd,
And vain depending on an Augur's word !
And thou as blind in soul, as in thy eyes !
If thou hadst said, *Prepare her Obsequies* ,
Then a true Prophet thou hadst prov'd indeed.
Yet all the standers by were comforted,
And the old Fathers wept for joy apace,
And *Titiro* was parted from the place.

When in the Temple suddenly were heard
Sinister omens, and dire signes appear'd
Boading Heav'ns wrath. At which (alas!) if each
Stood there astonisht and bereft of speech
After so fair beginnings, Friends, judge you.
Mean while the Priests themselves alone withdrew
Into an inner room: and whilst they there
And we without intent in praying were,
Devout and weeping; puffing through the presse
The curled *Satyr* (loe!) demands accessie
Unto the Priests. I (Porter of that place)
Admit him: Hee then (O he has a face
To bring ill news!) cry'd; Fathers, if your Pray'r
Find not the Gods, your vows and incense are
Not acceptable, and your sacrifice;
If from your altars an impure flame rise,
Think it not strange, that likewise is impure
Which is committing now hard by your door,
In *Ericina's* cave: a false Nymph there
Is breaking with a base adulterer
Your lawes, and her own faith. Send with me now
Your Ministers, and I will shew them how
I'th' act to take 'em. Then (O humane mind,
When thy Fate's neer, how dull thou art! how blind!)
The good Priests breat'd: supposing 'twas no more
But remove them, and Heaven would as before
Look on their sacrifice beni'nely. There-
Upon they order their chief Minister

Nicandro presently to take that guide,
 And bring both Lovers to the Temple ty'd :
 With all his under-ministers he goes,
 Pursuing that vile *Satyr* through a close
 And crooked way into the cave. The Maid,
 Strook with their torches sudden light, assay'd
 From where she was to run out of the door,
 Which that base dog had stopt (it seems) before.

Cho. And what did he the while? *Erg.* He went his waies
 When he had led *Nicandro* to the place.
 But (friends) I cannot tell the generall
 Astonishment that fell upon us all,
 When it the Daughter prov'd of *Titiro* :
 Who taken, in a trice (I do not know
 Out of what place) forth bold *Mirtillo* flew,
 And a sharp dart which he was arm'd with threw
 Like lightning at *Nicandro* : which, if it
 The place that it was aimed at had hit,
 Had sent him to the shades : But (whether I
 May call it Fortune, or agility)
 At the same instant the one aim'd his blow,
 The other stept a little backward ; so
 The mortall steel past by, leaving his brest
 Untoucht, and in his coat of skins did rest,
 Into the which (I know not how) 'twas wove
 So intricately, that *Mirtillo* strove
 In vain to pull it out ; and so he too
 Was taken. *Cho.* And with him what did they do ?

Erg. He to the Temple by himself was brought.

Cho. For what? *Erg.* To try if he'd discover ought
Touching the fact in question. Perhaps too
Th' affront he in their Minister did do
Unto the priestly majesty might some
Penance deserve. Would yet I might have come
To comfort my poor friend! *Cho.* What hindred thee?

Erg. The waiters at the altar may not be
Admitted to delinquents: therefore I
Sequesterd from the other company,
Coby my self unto the Temple; where
With many a prayer and devouter tear
I'll beg of Heaven that it would chase away
This sullen storm that overclouds our day.
Deer Shepherds rest in peace, and joyn with ours
Your pray'rs, to batter the celestiall towers.

Cho. We will, when we have paid to *Silvio*
That duty first we to his goodnesse owe.
O ye great Gods! now, now, if ever, prove
Your *anger* lesse eternall then your *love*.

Scena quarta.

C O R I S C A.

Empale ye triumph-decking Lawrell boughs,
Empale my glorious and victorious brows.

T

Into

Into Love's lifts (hedg'd round about with flame)
 This day *I came, I saw, I overcame* :
 This day hath Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,
 Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foetane my part.
 Ev'n that base *Satyr* who abhorres me so
 Hath helpt me too, as if he too did go
 Some share with me. How much more happily
 Did fortune bring *Mirtillo* in, then I
 Contriv'd to have brought *Coridon* ? to make
 Her crime more show of likelihood to take ?
 And though *Mirtillo's* apprehended too,
 That matters not ; they soon will let him go :
 Th' Adultresse onely payes the penaltie.
 O famous triumph ! Solemn victorie !
 If lying may deserve a trophie, I
 Deserve a trophie for my amorous lye ;
 Which from this tongue and bosome hath done more
 For me then Love with all his charms before.
 But this is not a time to talk : Withdraw
 Thy self *Corisca*, till the doom of Law
 Fall on thy Rivals head, for fear that she
 T' excuse her self, should lay the blame on thee.
 Or that the Priest himself should wish to know
 What thou canst say, before he give the blow.
 " When a mine springs, 'tis good to stand aloof ;
 " A lying tongue requires a flying hoof.
 Ile hide me in those woods, and there will make
 Some stay, till it be time to come and take

possession of my joyes. O! it hath hit
Beyond all thought. Successe hath crown'd my wit.

Scena quinta.

N I C A N D R O, A M A R I L L I S.

Nic. **A** Heart of flint, or rather none had he
Nor humane sense, that could not pitie thee,

Unhappy Nymph! and for thy sorrow grieve
The more, by how much lesse they can believe
This should befall thee, who have known thee best.

For were it but to see a Maid distrest
Of venerable count'nance, and that show'd

So vertuous and so excellently good;

One that for heav'nly beauty merited

Temples and Sacrifices, to be led

Unto the Temple as a Sacrifice,

Who could behold it without melting eyes?

But he that should consider further, how,

And for what purpose thou wert born; That thou

Art Daughter unto *Titiro*, and should

Have married been unto *Montano's* bloud,

(Two the most lov'd and honour'd shall I say

Shepherds, or Fathers of *Arcadia*?)

And that being such, so great, so famous, and

So beautifull a Nymph, and that did stand

By nature so remote from thy death's brink,
 Thou shouldst be now condemn'd. He that doth think
 On this and weeps not, wails not thy mishap,
 Is not a man, but wolf in humane shape.

Am. If my mishap had come through mine own fault,
 And the effect had been of an ill thought
 As of a deed that seems ill, it had been
 Lesse grievous to mee to have death pay sinne ;
 And very just it were I should have spilt
 My bloud to wash my impure soul from guilt,
 To quench Heav'n's wrath ; and since man too had wrong,
 Pay what to human justice did belong :
 So might I still a crying conscience,
 And mortifi'd with a due inward sense
 Of deserv'd death, render my self more fit
 To die, and through that purgatory get
 Perchance to Paradise. But now in all
 My pride of youth and fortune thus to fall,
 Thus innocent, is a sad case, a sad—

Nicandro. Nic. Nymph, would to Heav'n men had
 Sinn'd against thee, rather then thou 'gainst Heav'n.
 For satisfaction might be easier giv'n
 To thee for thy wrong'd Fame, then unto it
 For its wrong'd Deities. Nor know I yet
 Who wrong'd thee but thy self. Wert thou not caught
 Alone with the adult'rer in a vault?
 To *Silvio* precontracted wert not thou?
 And so thy nuptiall faith hast broken? How

Then

Then innocent? *Am.* For all this have not I
Transgress the Law: and innocently dye.

Nic. Not Natures law perchance, *Love where thou wilt.*
But that of Men and Heav'n, *Love without guilt.*

Am. Both men and Heav'n (if all our fortune be
Deriv'd from thence) transgress have against me.
For what but an ill destiny could bid
That I should die for what another did?

Nic. What was that Nymph? bridle thy tongue (with high-
Flown grief transported ev'n to blasphemie).

"The ills we suffer our own sins pull down:

"Heav'n pardons many wrongs, but it doth none.

Am. I blame in Heaven onely my own starre:
But one that hath deceiv'd me, more by farre.

Nic. Then blame thy self, thy self thou didst deceive.

Am. I did when I a coz'ner did believe.

Nic. "They who desire to be deceiv'd, are not.

Am. Dost think me naught? *Nic.* Nay ask thy actions that.

Am. "Actions are oft false comments on our hearts.

Nic. "Yet those we see, and not the inward parts.

Am. "The heart may be seen too with th' eys o'th' mind.

Nic. "Whithout the senses help those eyes are blind.

Am. "The senses must submit to reasons sway.

Nic. "Reason in point of fact must sense obey.

Am. Well; I am sure an honest heart I have.

Nic. Prethee who brought thee then into the cave?

Am. My folly and too much credulity.

Nic. Thou trustedst with a friend thy honesty?

Am. I

Am. I trusted a friends honestie. *Nic.* Thy blood?
Was that the friend thou wouldst have understood?

Am. *Ormino's* Sister, who betraid me thither.

Nic. "'Tis sweet when Lovers are betraid together.

Am. *Mirtillo* enterd without my consent.

Nic. How enter'dst thou then? and for what intent?

Am. Let this suffice, 'twas not for him I came.

Nic. It cannot, if no other cause thou name.

Am. Examine him about my innocence.

Nic. Him? who hath been the cause of thy offence?

Am. Call her to witnesse who betraid me hath.

Nic. Why should we hear a witnesse without faith?

Am. By chaste *Diana's* dreadfull name I swear.

Nic. Thou by thy deeds art perjur'd unto her.

Nymph, I am plain, I cannot flatter thee

Into a hope which in extremitie

Will leave thee more confounded; these are dreams:

"A troubled fountain cannot yeeld pure streams,

"Nor a bad heart good words. And where the deed

"Is evident, Defence offence doth breed.

What dost thou talk? thou shouldst have guarded more
Then thy life now, thy chastitie before.

Why do'st thou cheat thy self? *Am.* O miserie!

Must I then dye, *Nicandro*? must I dye?

None left to hear? none to defend me left?

Of all abandon'd? of all hope bereft?

Onely of such a mocking pity made

The wretched object as affords no aid?

Nic. Be

Nic. Be patient Nymph, and give me cause to tell,
Though thou didst ill, yet that thou suffredst well.
Look up to heav'n, since thence thou drawst thy birth ;
"All good or ill we meet with upon earth
"From thence as from a fountain doth distill.
"And as no good is here unmix'd with ill,
"So punishment, that's ill to flesh and blood,
"As to th' accompt we must make there is good.
And if my words have cut thee, 'tis but like
A faithfull Surgeon, who a vein doth strike,
Or thrusts his instrument into the wound
Where it is mortallest and most profound
(In being cruell, mercifull). Then be
Content with what is writ in Heav'n for thee.

Am. O'tis a cruell sentence, whether it
In heaven for me, or in earth be writ :
Yet writ in heav'n I'm certain it is not :
For there my innocence is known. But what
Doth that avail me, if that dye I must ?
That's the straight narrow passage ! to be dust,
Nicandro, that's the bitter cup ! But oh !
By that compassion thou to me dost show,
Lead me not to the Temple yet : stay, stay.

Nic. "Who fears to dye, dyes ev'ry hour o'th' day.
Why hang'st thou back ? and draw'st a painfull breath ?
"Death hath no ill in't, but the fear of death.
And he that dies when he hath heard his doom,
Flies from his death. *Am.* Perchance some help may come.
Father,

Father, dear father, dost thou leave me too ?
 An onely daughters father, wilt thou do
 Nothing to save me ? Yet before I die
 A parting kisse to me do not deny.
 Two bosoms shall be pierced with one blow :
 And from thy daughter's wound thy blood must flow.
 O father ! (once so sweet and deer a name,
 Which I was never wont t' invoke in vain)
 Thy belov'd Daughter's *Wedding* callst thou this ?
 To day a Bride ; to day a Sacrifice.

Nic. Good Nymph no more : why dost thou bootlesly
 Stay thus tormenting both thy self and mee ?
 The time calls on : I must convey thee hence,
 Nor with my duty longer may dispense.

Am. Deer woods adieu then, my deer woods adieu :
 Receive these sighs (my last ones) into you,
 Till my cold shade, forc'd from her seat by dire
 And unjust steel, to your lov'd shades retire.
 (For sink to hell it can't, being innocent ;
 Nor soar to heav'n, laden with discontent.)
Mirtillo, (O *Mirtillo* !) most accurst
 The day I saw, the day I pleas'd thee first !
 Since I, whom thou above thy life didst love,
 Became thy life, that thou my death mightst prove.
 She dies condemn'd for kindnesse now to thee,
 Whom thou hast still condemn'd of cruelty,
 I might have broke my faith as cheap : Ay me !
 Now without fault, or fruit I dye, or Thee

My deer *Mirtill* — *Nic.* Alas ! she dies indeed.
(Poor wretch !) Come hither shepherds with all speed,
Help me to hold her up. (O piteous case !)
She finish'd in *Mirtillo's* name her Race.
(Unhappy maid !) — she breathes yet, and I feel
Some signes of life pant in her bosome still.
To the next fountain let us carry her ;
Perchance cold water may recover there
Her fleeting spirits. — Stay, will not relief
Be cruelty to *her* who dies of grief,
To prevent dying by the Axe ? How-e're,
Yet let not us our charitie forbear.
" Men ought to lend their aid in present woe :
" What is to come, none but the Gods foreknow.

Scena sexta.

CHORUS of { *Huntsmen,* }
 { *Shepherds,* } with *SILVIO.*

Ch. Hun. O Glorious youth ! true child of *Hercules* ;
That kilst so soon such monstrous beasts as these !

Ch. Sb. O glorious youth ! by whom lies slain and queld
This *Erimanthian Monster*, (living) held
Invincible ! Behold the horrid head,
Which seems to breath death when it self is dead !

This is the famous Trophie, noble Toile
Of him whom we our Demy-god do stile.
Extoll his great name (Shepherds) and this day
Keep ever solemn, ever holy day.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious youth &c.

Ch. Sh. O glorious youth! that do'st despise thine own
For others safeties. "Vertue climbs her Throne
"By these steep stairs: and the high Gods have set
"Before her Palace gates labour and sweat.
"He that would land at joy must wade through woes:
"Nor by unprofitable base repose
"Abhorring labour, but from gallant deeds
"And vertuous labour true repose proceeds.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious youth, &c.

Ch. Sh. O glorious youth! by whom these Plains depriv'd
Of tillage, and of tillers long, retri'd
Their fruitfull honours have. The plough-man now
Securely goes after the lazie plough,
Sowes his plump seed, and from earth's pregnant womb
Expects the wish'd fruits when the season's come.
No more shall churlish tusk, or churlish foot
Trample them down, or tear them up by th' root.
Nor shall they prosper so as to sustain
A beast, to be their own, and others bane.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious youth! &c.

Cho. Shap. O glorious youth! as if presaging thine,
The Have'n to day doth in full glory shine.
Such peradventure was that famous Boar

Alcides slew, yet so thy act is more ;
It being (*Silvio*) thy first labour, as
Of thy great Ancestor the third it was.
But with wilde Beasts thy infant valour playes,
To kill ^{worse} ~~more~~ monsters in thy riper dayes.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious youth ! &c.

Cho. Sb. O glorious youth ! how well are joyn'd in thee
Valour and pietie ! See *Cynthia*, see
Thy devout *Silvio*'s vow ! behold with white
And crooked tusk, (as if in thy despight)
The proud head arm'd on this side and on that,
Seeming thy silver horns to emulate !
If then (O powerfull Goddesse) thou didst guide
The young mans shaft, he is in justice tyde
To dedicate the Trophie unto thee
By whom he did obtain the victorie.

Cho. Hunts. O glorious youth, true child of Hercules,
That kill'st so soon such monstrous beasts as these !

Scena septima.

C O R I D O N .

I Have forbore till now to credit what
The Satyr told me of *Corisca* late,
Fearing it might be some malicious lye
Devis'd by him to shake my constancie.

For most improbable it seem'd, that she
 In the same place where she expected me
 (Unlesse the message which *Lisetta* brought
 To me from her were false) should straight be caught
 With an adulterer. And yet (the truth
 To say) here's a shrewd token, and it doth
 Perplex me much, to see the mouth o'th' den
 Just in that manner he related then
 Shut and damm'd up with such a massie stone.
 Ah false *Corisca*! too well by mine own
 Experience of thy ungracious deeds
 I know thee now : stumbling so oft, thou needs
 Must fall at last. So many frauds, so many
 Lyes, and vow-breaches might have warned any
 (Whom folly or affection did not blear)
 That some such fearfull tumbling cast was neer.
 'Twas well for me I tarried by the way ;
 A happy chance my father made me stay :
 Though then I did suppose him foolishly
 T' have been a tedious Remora. Had I
 Come at *Lisetta's* hour, I might have seen
 Something which poyson to my eyes had been.
 But what shall I do now ? arm'd with disdain,
 Shall I revenge and mischief entertain ?
 No : I have lov'd her, and this act doth crave
 My pity, not my anger. Shall I have
 Pity on one deceiv'd me ? Mee ! she hath
 Deceiv'd her self, leaving a man of faith,

To give her self a prey into the hand
Of an ignoble Swain, a stranger and
A vagabond, that will to morrow be
More wavering, more without faith then she.
Shall I take pains then to revenge a wrong
That carries with it the revenge along?
And quenches all my indignation so,
'Tis turn'd to pitie? She hath *scorn'd* me though:
Sh' has *honour'd* me: for she who *thus* could chuse,
Highly commends the man she doth refuse.
She scorn'd me, who the way did never know,
How she should love receive, or how bestow.
Who lik'd at random still, or had this curse,
If two were offerd her, to take the worse.
But tell me *Coridon*, how can it be,
If scorn of being scorned move not thee
To take revenge; but that to have been crost
By such a losse should do't? I have not lost
Her whom I never had: My self I have
Regain'd, whom I unto another gave.
Nor can't a losse be termed to remain
Without a woman so unsure and vain.
In fine, What have I lost? Beautie without
Vertue: A head with all the brains pickt out:
A brest that hath no heart: A heart that hath
No soul in it: A soul that hath no faith.
A shade, a ghost, a carcasse of affection,
Which will to morrow turn to putrefaction.

Is this a losse? I will be bold to say't,
'Tis a great purchase and a fortunate.
Is there no woman in the world but she?
Can *Coridon* want Nymphs as fair as she,
And far more true? But she may well want one
Will love her with such faith as *Coridon*,
Whom she deserv'd not. Now if I should do
That which the *Satyr* did advise me to,
Accusing her of *vow-breach*, in my breath
I know it lies to have her put to death.
But I have not an heart so Aspine, I,
That with the wind of womans levitie
It should be mov'd. Too great a happinesse
And honour 'twere to their perfidiousnesse,
If with the trouble of a manly brest,
And breaking of the happy peace and rest
Of an ingenuous soul, I were to be
Reveng'd upon *Corisca* now. For me
Then let her live: or (to expresse it better)
By me not die, Live for my Rivall let her.
Her life's revenge for me sufficient:
Live let her to dishonour; to repent:
I know not how to envie him, or loath
Her; but with all my heart do pity both.

Scena octava.

SILVIO, ECCHO *within.*

O Goddesse of the slothfull, blind, and vain,
Who with foul hearts, Rites foolish and profane,
Altars and Temples hallow to thy name !

Temples ? or Sanctuaries vile said I ?
To protect Lewdnesse and impietic,
Under the robe of thy Divinity ?

And thou base Goddesse : that thy wickednesse,
When others do as bad, may seem the lesse,
Giv'st them the reins to all lasciviousnesse.

Rotter of soul and body, enemy
Of reason, plotter of sweet thevery,
The little and great World's calamitie.

Reputed worthily the Ocean's daughter:
That treacherous monster, which with even water
First soothes, but ruffles into storms soon after.

Such windes of sighs, such Cataracts of tears,
Such breaking waves of hopes, such gulfs of fears,
Thou mak'st in men, such rocks of cold despairs.

Tides

Tydes of desire so head-strong, as would move
The world to change thy name, when thou shalt prove
Mother of Rage and Tempests, not of Love.

Behold what sorrow now and discontent
On a poor pair of Lovers thou hast sent !
Go thou, that vaunt'st thy self Omnipotent,

Go faithlesse Goddesse, save that Nymph whom thou
Hast poyson'd with thy sweets (if thou knowst how)
From her swift deaths pursuing footsteps now.

O what a happy day was that for me,
When my chaste soul I did devote to thee
Cynthia, my great and onely Deitie !

True Goddesse ! unto whose particular shrine
The fairest souls in all the Earth incline,
As thou in Heav'n do'st all the Starrs out-shine.

How much more laudable and free from pain
The sports are which thy servants entertain,
Then those of faithlesse *Ericina's* train !

Wilde Boars are killed by thy Worshippers :
By wilde Boars miserably kild are hers.
O Bow, my strength and joy ! My conquerers

My Arrows ! Let that bug-bear Love come trie
And match with you his soft Artillerie.

They whom you wound do in good earnest die.

But too much honour hence to thee would come,
Vile and unwarlike Boy, to chastise whom
(I speak't aloud) a rod's enough.

Enough.

What art thou that reply'st? Eccho? or Love?
That so doth imitate the same?

The same.

Most wish'd! but tell me true; Art thou hee?

Hee.

The son of her that for *Adonis* once
So miserably pin'd away?

Away.

Well: of that Goddesse who was found in bed
With *Mars*, when the stars shot to see her shame,
And the chaste Moon blush'd at her folly?

O ly!

What madnesse 'tis to whistle to the winde!

Come (if thou darest) to the wide air,
And I defie thee. But art thou her son

I dare.

Legitimate, or else a by-blow?

I glow.

O! the Smith's son that's call'd a God.

A God.

Of what? the follies of the world?

The world.

The Bawd thou art. Art thou that terrible Boy
That tak'st such sharp revenge upon those wights
Who thy absurd commands digest not?

Jest not.

What punishments dost thou inflict on those
Who in rebellion persevere?

Severe.

And how shall I be punish'd, whose hard heart
Hath alwayes been at odds with Love?

With Love.

When (Sot), if my chaste brest be to those flames
More opposite then night to day?

To day.

So

So quickly shall I be in that streight ?

What's she can bring me to adoring ?

Dorinda, is it not, my little childe,

Thou wouldst say in thy lithping gibberish ?

Shee whom I hate more then the Lamb the Wolf ?

And who to this shall force my will ?

And how ? and with what Arms ? and with what bow ?

Shall it be happily with thine ?

Thou mean'st perchance, when by thy wantonnesse

It is unbent, and the nerve broken ?

Shall my own bow, after 'tis broken too,

Make war on me ? and who shall break't ? thou ?

'Tis plain now thou art drunk : go sleep. But say,

Where shall these miracles be wrought ? here ?

O fool ! and I am going now from hence.

See if thou hast not prov'd thy self to day

A prophet with the wine inspir'd.

But stay, I see (unlesse I much mistake)

A greyish thing at couch in yonder Brake :

'Tis like a Wolf, and certainly 'tis one.

O what a huge one 'tis ! how over-grown !

O day of prey to me ! What favours are

These, courteous goddesse ? in one day a pair

Of such wilde beasts to triumph ore ? But why

Do I delay this work, my Deity ?

The swiftest and the keenest shaft that is

In all my Quiver (let me see, — 'tis this)

I do select : to thee I recommend it

Streight
Dorinda

Isb.

I will.

With thine.

Broken.

Thou.

Here.

Inspir'd.

O Archereffe eternall) do thou send it
 By Fortunes hand, and by thy pow'r divine
 Guide it into the beast. His skin is thine.
 And in thy name I shoot. O lucky hit!
 Just where the eye and hand designed it.
 Would now I had my javelin here, to make
 An end of him at once, before he take
 The wood for shelter: but the place shall yeeld
 Me weapons. Not a stone in all the field?
 But why do I seek weapons, having these?
 This second arrow layes him at his ease.
 Alas! what do I see? what hast thou done,
 Unhappy *Silvio*? what hast thou run
 Thy self into? Thou hast a shepherd slain
 In a wolfe's skin. O action to remain
 For ever overwhelm'd with grief! to lie
 Under salt water everlastingly!
 The wretch too I should know, and he that so
 Doth lead and prop him up is *Linco*. O
 Vile arrow! viler vow! but vilest *Thou*
 That didst direct that arrow, hear that vow!
 I guilty of anothers blood? I kill
 Another? I that was so free to spill
 My blood for others, and my life to give?
 Throw down thy weapons, and inglorious live,
 Shooter of men, hunter of men. But lo
 The wretched Swain! then thee lesse wretched though.

Scena nona.

LINCO, SILVIO, DORINDA.

Lin. **L**Ean, daughter, on my arm with all thy weight,
(Wretched *Dorinda*) do. *Sil.* *Dorinda's* that?
I'm a dead man. *Dor.* O *Linco*, *Linco*! O
My second Father! *Sil.* 'Tis *Dorinda*: woe,
Woe on thee *Silvio*! *Dor.* *Linco*, thou wert sure
Ordein'd by Fate to be a stay to poor
Dorinda. Thou receivedst my first cry
When I was born: 'Thou wilt, now I'm to dye,
My latest groan: and these thy arms which were
My cradle then, shall now become my biere.

Lin. Ah daughter! (or more deer then if thou wert
My daughter) speak now to thee for my heart
I can't, grief melts each word into a tear.

Dor. Not so fast *Linco*, if thou lov'st me: deer
Linco, nor go, nor weep so fast; one rakes
My wound too bad, t'other a new wound makes.

Sil. (Poor Nymph! how ill have I repaid thy love!)

Lin. Be of good comfort daughter, this will prove
No mortall wound. *Dor.* It may be so; but I
That am a Mortall, of this wound shall die.
Would I knew yet who hurt me! *Lin.* Get thee sound,
And let that passe: "Revenge ne're cur'd a wound.

Sil.

Sil. (Why dost thou stay? what mak'st thou in this place?
Woulst thou be seen by her? Hast thou the face?
Hast thou the heart t'indure it? *Silvio*, flee
From the sharp dart of her revenging eye:
Fly from her tongues just sword. I cannot go
From hence: and what it is I do not know,
But something holds me, and would make me run
To her whom I of all the world did shun.)

Dor. Must I then die and not my Murtherer know?

Lin. 'Twas *Silvio*. *Dor.* How dost know 'twas *Silvio*?

Lin. I know his shaft. *Dor.* Then welcom death, if I
Shall owe thee to so sweet an enemy!

Lin. Look where he stands! we need demand no further,
His posture and his face confesse the murther
Alone. Now Heav'n be praised *Silvio*,
Thy all-destroying Arrowes and thy Bow
Th' hast pli'd so well about these woods, that now
Th' art gone out thy Artf-master. Tell me, thou
That dost like *Silvio*, not like *Linco*, who
Made this brave shoot, *Linco* or *Silvio*?
This 'tis for boyes to be so overwise:
Would thou hadst taken this old fools advice!
Answer, thou wretch: What lingring miserie,
What horror shalt thou live in if she die?
I know thou'lt say, thou err'dst, and thought'st to strike:
A Wolfe: as if 'twere nothing (school-boy like)
To shoot at all adventures, and not see,
Nor care, whether a man or beast it be.

What

What Goat-herd, or what plough-man doth not go
Clad in such skins? *O Silvio, Silvio!*

“Soon ripe, soon rotten. If thou think (fond childe)
This *chance* by chance befell thee, th’ art beguild.

“These monstrous things without Divine decree

“Hap not to men. Dost thou not plainly see
How this thy unsupportable disdain

Of Love, the world, and all that is humane

Displeases Heav’n? “High Gods cannot abide

“A Rivall upon earth: and hate such pride,

“Although in vertue. Now th’ art mute, that wert
Before this hap unsufferably pert.

Dor. Silvio, give *Linco* leave to talk: for hee
Knows not what pow’r Love gave thee over me
Of life and death. If thou hadst strook my heart,
Th’ hadst strook what’s thine (mark proper for thy dart.)
Those hands to wound mee thy fair eyes have taught.
See *Silvio* her thou hat’st so! see her brought
To that extremity where thou wouldst see her!
Thou sought’st to wound her, see her wounded here!
To prey upon her, loe she is thy prey!
Thou sought’st her death, and loe she’s dying! Say,
Wouldst thou ought else of her? What further joy
Can poor *Dorinda* yeeld thee? Cruell Boy!
And void of Bowels! thou wouldst ne’r believe
That wound which from thy eyes I did receive:
This which thy hands have giv’n canst thou deny?
Those crySTALL showrs which issued from my eye,

Thou

Thou couldst not be perswaded were my blood :
What dost thou think now of this crimson flood
Which my side weeps ? But (if orewhelm'd with scorn
That bravery be not wherewith thou wert born)
Deny me not (though cruell soul, yet brave)
Deny me not ('tis all the boon I crave)
When I shall sigh into thee my last breath,
One sigh of thine. O happy, happy death !
If thou vouchsafe to sweeten it with these
Kind words and pious ; *Soul depart in peace.*

Sil. Dorinda, my *Dorinda*, shall I say
(Alas !) when I must lose thee the same day
Th'art mine ? now mine, when death to thee I give,
That wert not mine when I could make thee live ?
Yes mine I'll call thee : and thou mine shalt be
In spite of my opposing destinie.
For if thy death our meeting souls disjoyn,
My death shall reunite us. All that's mine
Haste to revenge her : I have murder'd thee
With these curs'd arrows ; with them murder me.
I have been cruell unto thee ; and I
Desire from thee nothing but crueltye.
I scorn'd thee in my pride ; look ! with my knee
(Low louting to the earth) I worship thee,
And pardon of thee, but not life demand.
Take Shafts and Bow : But do not strike my hand !
Or eye (bad ministers, 'tis true, yet still)
But ministers of an unguilty will :

Strike

Strike me this brest, this monster hence remove,
Sworn enemy of Pity, and of Love.

Strike me this heart, to thee so cruell. Loe,
My bared-brest! *Dor.* I strike it, *Silvio*?

I strike that brest? sure if thou didst not mock,
Thou wouldst not shew't mee naked. O white rock!

Already by the windes and briny main
Of my rough sighs and tears oft strook in vain!

But dost thou breath? nor art to pity barr'd?

Art thou a tender brest, or marble hard?

I would not idolize fair Alabaster,
(Led by the humane likenesse) as thy Master
And mine, when on the outside he did look,
A harmlesse woman for a beast mistook.

I strike thee? strike thee Love. Nor can I wish
For my revenge a greater plague then this.

Yet must I blesse the day that I took fire,
My tears and martyrdom. All I desire

Is that thou praise my faith, my zeale, but no

Revenging me. But courteous *Silvio*,

(That to thy servant kneel'st) why this to me?

Or if *Dorinda* must thy Mistresse be,

Obey her then; the first command I give,

Is that thou rise; the second, that thou live.

Heav'ns Will be done with me: I shall survive

In thee, and cannot dye, whilest thou'rt alive.

But if thou thinkst unjust I should be found

Without all satisfaction for my wound,

Be that, which did it, punish'd. 'Twas that Bow :
Let that be broke ; I'm well revenged so.

Lin. (A very heavie doom). *Sil.* Come then thou mad,
Thou bloody actor of a deed so sad :
That thou maist ne're break thred of life again,
Thus do I break thee and thy thred in twain,
And send thee a uselesse trunk back to the wood.
Nor you (ill sanguin'd with an innocents blood!)
Which my deer Mistresse side so rudely rent,
(Brothers in ill) shall scape your punishment.
Not shafts, nor flights, but sticks, since yee shall want
Those wings and heads which garnisht you : Avant
Plum'd and disarmed Arms. How well, O Love,
Didst thou foretell me this from yonder grove
In a prophetick Eccho ! O thou high
Conqu'rour of Gods and men, once enemy,
Now lord of all my thoughts ! if 'tis thy glory
To tame a heart that's proud and refractory,
Divert Death's impious shaft, which with one blow
Slaying *Dorinda*, will slay *Silvio*
(Now thine) : so cruell death, if it remove
Her hence, will triumph o're triumphant Love.

Lin. Now both are wounded : but the one in vain,
Unlesse the other's wound be heal'd again.
About it then. *Dor.* Ah *Linco* ! do not (pray)
Carry me home disguis'd in this array.

Sil. Why should *Dorinda* go to any house
But *Silvio's* ? surely she shall be my Spouse

'Ere it be night, either alive, or dead.

And *Silvio* in life or death will wed

Dorinda. *Lin.* Now she may become thy Wife,
Since *Amarillis* is to marriage, life,

And vertue lost. Blest pair! Ye Gods (that doe
Wonders) with one cure now give life to two.

Dor. O *Silvio*! I shall faint, my wounded thigh
Feebly supporting me. *Sil.* Good remedy

For that! take heart: th'art mine and *Linco's* care,
And I and *Linco* thy two crutches are.

Linco, thy hand. *Lin.* There 'tis. *Sil.* Hold fast: a chair
Let's make for her of our two arms. Rest here

Dorinda, suffering thy right hand t' imbrace

The neck of *Linco*, thy left mine: Now place
Thy body tenderly, that the hurt part

May not be strain'd. *Dor.* O cruell pricking dart!

Sil. Sit at more ease, my Love. *Dor.* It is well now.

Sil. Deer *Linco* do not stagger. *Lin.* Nor do thou
Swag with thine arme, but steddy go and wary
It will concern thee. Ah! we do not carry

A Boars head now in triumph. *Sil.* Say, my Deer,
How is it now? *Dor.* In pain; but leaning here

(My Heart) to be in pain, is pleas'd to be;
To languish, health; to die, eternity.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

F Air golden Age ! when milk was th' onely food,
 And cradle of the infant-world the wood
 (Rock'd by the windes) ; and th' untoucht flocks did bear
 Their deer young for themselves ! None yet did fear
 The sword or poyson : no black thoughts begun
 To eclipse the light of the eternall Sun :
 Nor wandring Pines unto a forreign shore
 Or War, or Riches, (a worse mischief) bore.
 That pompous sound, Idoll of vanity,
 Made up of Title, Pride, and Flattery,
 Which they call Honour whom Ambition blindes,
 Was not as yet the Tyrant of our mindes.
 But to buy reall goods with honest toil
 Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
 Was honour to those sober souls that knew
 No happinesse but what from vertue grew.
 Then sports and carols amongst Brooks and Plains
 Kindled a lawfull flame in Nymphs and Swains.
 Their hearts and Tongues concurr'd, the kisse and joy
 Which were most sweet, and yet which least did cloy
 Hymen bestow'd on them. To one alone
 The lively Roses of delight were blown ;
 The theevisb Lover found them shut on triall,
 And fenc'd with prickles of a sharp denyall.

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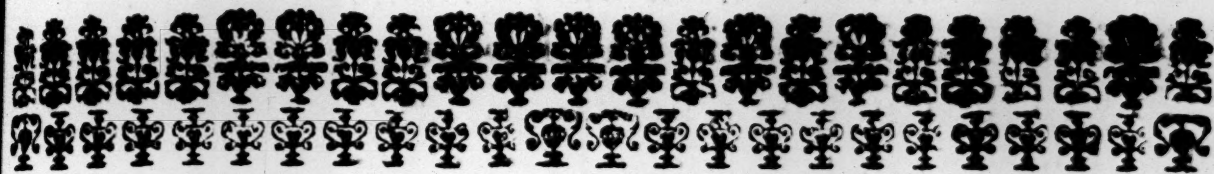
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 The theevisish Lover found them shut on triall,
 And fenc'd with prickles of a sharp denyall.

*Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,
Husband and Lover signifi'd one thing.*

*Base present age, which dost with thy impure
Delights the beauty of the soul obscure :
Teaching to nurse a Dropsie in the veins :
Bridling the look, but giv'st desire the reins.
Thus, like a net that spread and cover'd lies
With leaves and tempting flowers, thou dost disguise
With coy and holy arts a wanton heart ;
" Mak'st life a Stage-play, vertue but a part :
" Nor think'st it any fault Love's sweets to steal,
" So from the world thou canst the theft conceal.*

*But thou that art the King of Kings, create
In us true honour : Vertue's all the state
Great souls should keep. Unto these cels return
Which were thy Court, but now thy absence mourn :
From their dead sleep with thy sharp goad awake
Them who, to follow their base wils, forsake
Thee, and the glory of the ancient world.*

*" Let's hope : our ills have truce till we are hurld
" From that : Let's hope ; the sun that's set may rise,
" And with new light salute our longing eyes.*



Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

URANIO, CARINO.

Ur. " **A**ll places are our Country where w're well:
"Which to the wise is wheresoe're they dwel.

Car. It is most true *Uranio* : and no man

By proof can say it better then I can :

Who leaving long ago my Fathers house,

(Being very young, and then ambitious

Of something more then holding of the plough,

Or keeping sheep) travell'd abroad : and now

To the same point where I began, return,

When my gilt locks are to the silver worn.

"Yet a sweet thing (it needs must be confest)

"To any that hath sense, is his first nest,

"For Nature gave to all men at their birth

"Something of secret love unto that Earth

"Where they were born, which never old doth grow

"In us, but follows wheresoe're we go.

"The

" The Loadstone which the wary Mariner
 " Doth as Director of his travels bear
 " Now to the rising Sun, now to his set,
 " Doth never lose that hidden vertue yet,
 " Which makes it to the North retort its look :
 " So he that hath his native soil forlook,
 " Though he may wander far, much compasse take,
 " I, and his nest in forraign Countries make ;
 " Yet that same naturall love doth still retain
 " Which makes him wish his native soil again.

O fair Arcadia ! the sweetest part
 Of all the world (at least to me thou art)
 Which my feet trod on, but my thoughts adore !
 Had I been landed blindfold on thy shore,
 Yet then I should have known thee, such a flood
 Of sudden joy runs races with my blood :
 Such a Magnetick powerfull sympathie,
 And unaccustom'd tenderesse feel I.
 Thou then, that my companion hast been
 In travels and in sorrowes, shalt be in
 At my joyes too : 'tis reason thou shouldst go
 My half in happinesse, as well as woe.

Ura. Companion of thy travels I have been,
 Not of the fruit thereof ; for thou art in
 Thy native soil, where thou repose maist find
 For thy tir'd body, and more tired mind :
 But I that am a stranger, and am come
 So many leagues from my poor house, and from

My poorer and distressed Family,
Trailing my wearied limbs along with thee,
For my afflicted body well may find
Repose, but not for my afflicted mind :
Thinking what pledges do behinde remain,
And how much rugged way I must again
Tread over ere I rest. Nor do I know
Who else could have prevail'd with me to go
From *Elis* in my gray unweildy age
(Not knowing why) so long a pilgrimage.

Car. Thou knowst, my sweet *Mirtillo* (who was giv'n
As a son to me by propitious Heav'n)
Some two months since came hither to be well
(By my advice, or of the Oracle,
To speak more true, which said, *Th' Arcadian air*
Was th' only means that could his health repair.)
Now I, that find it an exceeding pain
Without so deer a pledge long to remain,
Consulting the same Oracle, enquir'd
When he'd return whom I so much desir'd.
The Answer was the same I tell thee now ;
Unto thy ancient Country return thou ;
Where with thy sweet Mirtillo thou shalt be
Happy ; for in that place (by Heaven) hee
Is mark'd out for great things : But till thou come
Into Arcadia, touching this be dumb.
Thou then, my faithfullest Companion,
My lov'd *Uranio*, who hast ever gone.

A share in all my fortunes hitherto,
 Repose thy body, and thou shalt have too
 Cause to repose thy minde: 'twixt me and thee
 (If Heav'n perform what it hath promis'd me)
 All shall be common: no successe can glad
Carino, if he see *Uranio* sad.

Ur. My deer *Carino*, what I do for thee,
 Rewards it self, if it accepted be.
 But what at first could make thee to forgo
 Thy native Country, if thou lov'st it so?

Car. A love to Poetry, and to the lowd
 Musick of Fame resounding in a crowd.
 For I my self (greedy of forraigne praise).
 Disdain'd Arcadia onely should my Layes
 Hear and applaud: as if my native Soile
 Were narrow limits to my growing Style.
 I went to *Elis*, and to *Pisa* then,
 (Famous themselves, and giving fame to men)
 There saw I that lov'd *Egon*, first with Bayes,
 With Purple then, with Vertue deckt alwayes:
 That he on earth *Apollo's* self did seem:
 Therefore my heart and Harp I unto him
 Did consecrate, devoted to his name.
 And in his house (which was the house of Fame)
 I should have set up my perpetuall rest,
 There to admire and imitate the best,
 If as Heav'n made me happy here below,
 So it had gi'n me too the grace to know

And keep my happinesse. How I forsook
Elis and *Pisa* after, and betook
 My selfe to *Argos* and *Micene*, where,
 An earthly god I worshipt, with what there
 I sufferd in that hard captivity,
 Would be too long for thee to hear, for me
 Too sad to utter. Onely thus much know,
 I lost my labour, and in sand did sow :
 I writ, wept, sung, hot and cold fits I had,
 I rid, I stood, I bore, now sad, now glad,
 Now high, now low, now in esteem, now scorn'd ;
 And as the Delphick iron, which is turnd
 Now to Heroick, now Mechanick use,
 Ifear'd no danger, did no pains refuse,
 Was all things, and was nothing ; chang'd my hair,
 Condition, custome, thoughts, and life, but ne're
 Could change my fortune. Then I knew at last
 And panted after my sweet freedome past.
 So flying smoaky *Argos*, and the great
 Storms that attend on greatnesse, my retreat
 I made to *Pisa* (my thoughts quiet port)
 Where (praile be giv'n to the Eternall for't)
 Upon my deer *Mirtillo* I did light,
 Which all past sorrowes fully did requite.
Ura. " A thousand thousand times that man is blest
 " Can clip the wings of his aspiring brest !
 " Nor for the shadow of great happinesse
 " Doth throw away the substance of the lesse !

Z

Car. But

Car. But who'd have dreamt midſt plenty to grow poor?
 Or to be leſſe by toiling to be more?
 I thought by how much more in Princes Courts
 Men did excell in Titles and Supports,
 So much the more obliging they would be
 (The beſt enamell of Nobility).
 But now the contrary by proof I've ſeen:
Courtiers in name, and *Courteous* in their meen
 They are; but in their actions I could ſpie
 Not the leaſt ſpark or drachm of *Courteſie*.
 People in ſhew ſmooth as the calmed waves:
 Yet cruell as the Ocean when it raves.
 Men in appearance onely I did finde,
 Love in the face, but malice in the minde:
 With a ſtreight look a ſquinting heart; and leaſt
 Fidelity where greateſt was profeſt.
 That which elſewhere is vertue, is vice there:
 Plain troth, ſquare dealing, love unfeign'd, ſincere
 Compaſſion, faith inviolable, and
 An innocence both of the heart and hand,
 They count the folly of a ſoul that's vile
 And poor, a vanity worthy their ſmile.
 To cheat, to lie, deceit and theſt to uſe,
 And under ſhew of pity to abuſe,
 To riſe upon the ruines of their Brothers,
 And ſeek their own by robbing praiſe from others,
 The vertues are of that perfidious race.
 No worth, no valour, no reſpect of place,

Of Age, or Law, bridle of modestie,
No tie of love, or blood, nor memorie
Of good receiv'd ; no thing's so venerable,
Sacred or just, that is inviolable
By that vast thirst of Riches, and desire
Unquenchable of still ascending higher.
Now I (not fearing, since I meant not ill,
And in Court-craft not having any skill,
Wearing my thoughts characterd in my brow,
And a glasse-window in my brest) judge thou
How open and how fair a mark my heart
Lay to their Envie's unsuspected dart.

Ura. "Who now can boast of earth's felicity,
"When Envie treads on vertues heels? *Car.* O my

Uranio, If since my Muse and I
From *Elis* past to *Argos*, I had found
Such cause to sing, as I had ample ground
To weep, perchance in such a lofty key
I'd sung my *Master's* glorious Arms, that hee
Should have no cause, for the felicity

Of his Meonian trumpet to envie

Achilles : and my Country (which doth bring
Such haplesse Poets forth as Swan-like sing
Their own sad fates) should by my means have now
A second Lawrell to impale her brow.

But in this age (inhumane age the while !)

The art of Poetry is made too vile.

"Swans must have pleasant nests, high feeding, fair

"Weather to sing : and with a load of care
 "Men cannot climb Parnassus cliffe : for he
 "Who is still wrangling with his Destinie
 "And his malignant fortune, becomes hoarse,
 "And loses both his singing and discourse.
 — But now 'tis time to seek *Mirtillo* out :
 Although I find the places hereabout
 So chang'd and alter'd from their ancient wont,
 I for Arcadia in Arcadia hunt.
 But come *Uranio* gladly for all this ;
 A traveller with language cannot misse
 His way : Or, since th'art weary, thou wert best
 To stay at the next Inne to take some rest.

Scena secunda.

TITIRO, Messenger.

Tit. **W**Hich first, my Daughter, shall I mourn in thee,
 Thy losse of Life, or of thy Chastitie ?
 I'll mourn thy Chastitie : for thou wert born
 Of mortall parents, but not bad. I'll mourn
 Not thy life lost, but mine preserv'd, to see
 Thy losse of Life, and of thy Chastitie.
 Thou with thy Oracles mysterious cloud
 (Wrongly conceiv'd *Montano*,) and thy proud

Despiser

Despiser both of love, and of my Daughter,
Unto this miserable end hast brought her.

Ay me ! how much more certain at this time
My Oracles have shew'd themselves then thine !

"For honesty in a young heart doth prove

"But a weak sconce against assaulting love.

"And 'tis most true, a woman that's alone,

"Hath a most dangerous companion.

Mess. Were he not under ground, or flown through th'air,
I should have found him sure. But soft, he's there
(I think) where least I thought. Th'art met by me
Too late, old Father, but too soon for thee :

I've news. *Tit.* What bringst thou in thy mouth? the knife
That hath bereft my Daughter of her life ?

Mess. Not that ; yet little lessie. But how I pray
Got'st thou this news so soon another way ?

Tit. Doth she then live ? *Mess.* She lives, and in her choice
It is to Live or Die. *Tit.* Blest be that voice !

Why is she then not safe, if she may give

Her *no* to death ? *Mess.* Because she will not live.

Tit. Will not ? what madnesse makes her *life* despise ?

Mess. Another's death. And (if that thy advice
Remove her not) she is thereon so bent

That all the world cannot her death prevent.

Tit. Why stand we talking here then ? Let us go.

Mess. Stay : yet the Temple's shut. Dost thou not know
That none but holy feet on holy earth
May tread, till from the vestry they bring forth

The

The destin'd Sacrifice in all it's trim ?

Tit. But before that-- *Mess.* She's watch't. *Tit.* I'th' interim
Relate then all that's past, and to me show

The truth unveil'd. *Mess.* Thy wretched Daughter (Oh
Sad spectacle !) being brought before the Priest,
Did not alone from the beholders wrest
Salt tears ; but (trust me) made the marble melt,
And the hard flint the dint of pity felt.

Shee was accus'd, convict, and sentence past
All in a trice. *Tit.* (Poor girl !) and why such haste ?

Mess. Because the evidence was cleer as day :
Besides, a certain Nymph (who she did say
Could witnesse she was guiltlesse) was not there,
Nor could by any search be brought t' appear.
Then the dire Omens of some threatned ill
And horrid visions which the Temple fill
Brook no delay, to us more frightfull farre,
By how much more unusuall they are,
Nor ever seen, since the vext Pow'rs above
Revenge'd the wrong of scorn'd *Aminta's* Love.
(Who was their Priest whence all our woes had birth)
The Goddesse sweats cold drops of blood, the Earth
Is Palsey-shook ; the sacred Cavern howls
With such unwonted sounds as tortur'd souls
Send out of graves, and belches up a smell
From its fowl jaws, scarce to be match'd in hell.
His sad Procession now the Priest began
To lead t' a bloody death thy Daughter, whan

Mirtillo seeing her, (behold a strange
Proof of Affection !) profferd to exchange
His life for hers ; crying aloud, Her hands
Untie (Ah how unworthy of such bands !)
And in her stead (who is design'd to be
A Sacrifice to *Dian*) offer me

A sacrifice to *Amarillis*. *Tit.* There
Spake a true Lover, and above base fear !

Mess. The wonder follows : she that was afraid
Before of dying, on the sudden made
Now valiant by *Mirtillo*'s words, reply'd,
Thus, with a heart at death unterrifi'd,
But dost thou think (*Mirtillo*) then to give
Life by thy death to her, who in thee doth live ?
It cannot, must not be : Come Priests, away
With me to th' Altar now without delay.
Ah ! (cry'd the Swain) such love I did not lack :
Back-cruell *Amarillis*, O come back :
Now thou art more unkind then e're thou wert :
'Tis I should die. Quoth she, thou act'st my part.
And here between them grew so fierce a strife,
As if that life were death, and death were life.
O noble souls ! O Pair eternally
To be renown'd, whether ye live or die !
O glorious Lovers ! if I had tongues more
Then Heaven hath eyes, or sands are on the shore,
Their voices would be drowned in the main-
Sea of your endlesse Praises. Glorious Dame,

Daughter

Daughter of *Jove* (eternall as thy Father)
 That Mortals deeds immortalizest, gather
 Thou the fair story, and in diamond pages
 With golden letters write to after ages
 The bravery of both Lovers. *Tit.* But who wan
 The conquest in that strife of death? *Mess.* The Man.
 Strange warre! which to the victor death did give,
 And where the vanquish't was condemn'd to live.
 For thus unto thy daughter spake the Priest;
 Nymph, let's alone, and set thy heart at rest;
Chang'd for another none can be again,
Who for another in exchange was ta'ne.
 This is our Law. Then a stri& charge he gave,
 Upon the Maid such carefull watch to have,
 As that she might not lay a violent hand
 Upon her self through sorrow. Thus did stand
 The state of matters, when in search of thee
Montano sent me. *Tit.* 'Tis most true I see,
 "Well-water'd Meads may be without sweet flowers
 "In Spring; without their verdant honour Bowers;
 "And without chirping birds a pleasant Grove;
 "'Ere a fair maid and young without her Love.
 But if we loiter here, how shall we know
 The hour when to the Temple we should go?
Mess. Here better then elsewhere: For here it is
 The honest Swain must be a sacrifice.

Tit. And why not in the Temple? *Mess.* Because in
 The place 'twas done our law doth punish sin.

Tit.

Tit. Then why not in the cave? The sin was there.

Mess. Because it must be in the open air.

Tit. By whom hast thou these mysteries been told?

Mess. By the chief Minister, and hee by old
Tirenio; who the false *Lucrina* knew
So sacrificed, and *Aminta* true.

But now 'tis time to go indeed; for see,
The sacred pomp descends the hill! yet wee
May for thy daughter to the Temple go
Before they come: "Devotion marches slow.

Scena tertia.

Chorus of Shepherds, Chorus of Priests,
MONTANO, MIRTILLO.

Cho.Sh. **S**OL's sister, Daughter of great *Jupiter*,
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Ch.Pr. Thou whose life-giving, and more temp'rate Ray
Thy Brother's burning fury doth allay;
Whence bounteous Nature here produces after
All her blest off-springs, and Air, Earth, and Water
Enriches and augments with Vegetals,
With Creatures sensitive, with Rationals.
Ah, pity thy *Arcadia*, and that rage
Thou dost in *others*, in thy self assuage!

A a

Ch.Sh.

*Ch.Sh. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!*

Mont. Now sacred Ministers the Altars dresse:
You likewise Swains, that shew your selves no lesse
Devout then they, your voyces all unite,
And once again invoke the Queen of Night.

*Ch.Sh. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!*

Mont. Now shepherds and my servants all,
Withdraw your selves, and come not till I call.
Valiant young man (who to bestow upon
Another, *life*, abandonest thine owne)
Die with this comfort: For a puffe of breath
(Which by the abject spirit is call'd death)
Thou buy'st Eternity: and when the tooth
Of envious Time (consuming the world's youth)
Millions of lesser names devoured hath,
Then thou shalt live the pattern of true faith.
But for the Law commands that thou shouldst die.
A silent Sacrifice, before thou ply
Thy knee to earth, if thou wouldst ought deliver,
Speak; and hereafter hold thy peace for ever.

Mir. Father, (for though thou kill me, yet I must
Give thee that name) My body to the dust,
Whereof 'twas made and kneaded up, I give;
My Soule to her in whom alone I live.

But if she die, (as she hath vow'd) of me
 What part (alas !) will then surviving be ?
 How sweet will death be unto me, if I
 In mine owne person, not in hers, may die !
 And if he merit pity at his death
 Who for meer pity now resignes his breath,
 Take care (deer Father) of her life, that I
 Wing'd with that hope, t'a better life may fly.
 Let my Fate rest at my destruction,
 Stop at my ruine ; but when I am gone,
 Let my divorced soul in her survive,
 Although from her I was divorc'd alive.

Mont. (Scarcely can I refrain from weeping now :
 O our mortality how frail art thou !)
 Son be of comfort, for I promise thee
 I will perform all thou desir'st of me :
 Here's my hand on't, and solemnly I swear,
 Ev'n by this Miter'd head. *Mir.* Then vanish fear.
 And now for the most faithfull soul make room,
 For (*Amarillis*) unto thee I come.
 With the sweet name of *Amarillis* I
 Close up my mouth, and silent kneel to die.

Mont. Now sacred Ministers, the Rites begin ;
 With liquid odoriferous Gumms keep in
 The flame, and strowing frankincense and mirrhe,
 Whole clouds of perfume to the Gods preferre.

Cho. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world !

Scena quarta.

CARINO, MONTANO, NICANDRO,
MIRTILLO, *Chorus of Shepherds.*

Car. **D**Id ever man so many houses view,
And the inhabitants thereof so few?
But see the cause! If I mistake me not,
They're gotten all together here: O what
A troop! how rich! how solemn! It is sure
Some Sacrifice. *Mont.* Give me the golden Ewre
With the red wine, *Nicandro.* *Nic.* There. *Mont.* So may
Soft pity in thy brest revive to day
By this unguilty blood (Goddesse divine)
As by the sprinkling of these drops of wine
This pale and dying flame revives. Set up
The golden Ewre. Reach mee the silver cup.
So may the burning wrath be quencht, which in
Thy brest was kindled by a false Maid's sinne,
As with this water (powr'd out like our tears)
I quench this flame. *Car.* 'T's a Sacrifice: but where's
The offering? *Mont.* Now all's prepar'd, there lacks
Onely the fatall stroak. Lend me the Axe.
Car. I see a thing (unlesse my eyes mistake)
Like a man kneeling this way with his back.
Is he the offering? 'Tis so: Ah wretch!

And

And o're his head the Priest his hand doth stretch.
O my poor Country ! after all these years
Is not Heav'ns wrath yet quencht with blood and tears ?

*Ch.Sb. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin' st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world !*

*Mont. Revengefull Goddesse, who a private fault
With publick rod dost punish : (Thou hast thought
Fit so to doe, and so in the Abyss
Of Providence eternall fixt it is)
Since faithlesse Lucrin's tainted blood was thought
For thy nice Justice too impure a draught :
Carouse the guiltlesse blood then of this Swain,
By me now at thy Altar to be slain
A willing Sacrifice, and to his Lasse
As true a Lover as Aminta was.*

*Ch. Sb. Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That shin' st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world !*

*Mont. Ah, how my brest with pity now relents !
What sudden numnesse fetters every sense !
Ine're was so before ; To lift this Axe
My hands lack strength, and my heart courage lacks.*

*Car. I'll see the wretches face, and so be gone :
For such dire sights I cannot look upon.*

*Mont. Perhaps the Sun, though setting will not look
On humane Sacrifice, and I am strook
Therefore with horror. Shepherd, change thy place,
And*

And to the Mountain turn thy dying face.

So, now 'tis well. (*Car.* Alas, what gaze I at?

Is 't not my Son? Is 't not *Mirtillo*, that?) (blow--

Mon. Now I can do't. (*Car.* 'Tis he.) *Mon.* And aim my

Car. Hold sacred Minister, what dost thou do?

Mont. Nay thou, profane rash man, how dar'st thou thus
Impose a sacrilegious hand on us?

Car. O all my joy *Mirtillo*! I ne're thought —

Mon. (Avant old man, that dot'st, or art distraught,)

Car. T'imbrace thee in this sort. *Mont.* Avant, I say }
It is not lawfull impure hands to lay }

Upon things sacred to the gods. *Car.* 'Twas they
That sent me to this place. *Mont.* *Nicandro*, stay,
We'l hear him, and then let him go his way. }

Car. Ah, courteous Minister! before thy hand
Upon the life of this young man descend,
Tell me but why he dyes. This I implore
By that Divinitie thou dost adore.

Mon. By such a Goddesse thou conjur'st me, that
I should be impious to deny. But what
Concerns it thee? *Car.* More then thou dost suppose.

Mon. Because to die he for another chose.

Car. Then I will die for him: O, take in stead
Of his, this old already tott'ring head.

Mon. Thou rav'st friend. *Car.* Why am I deni'd that now
Which unto him was granted? *Mon.* Because thou
A stranger art. *Car.* And if I should prove none,

What then? *Mon.* Although thou shouldst, it were all one;
Because

Because he cannot be exchang'd again

Who for another in exchange was ta'ne.

But who art thou, if thou no stranger be?

Thy habit speaks thee not of Arcadie.

Car. Yet am I an Arcadian. *Mont.* I did ne're
See thee before (to my remembrance) here.

Car. My name's *Carino*; I was born hard by:
(This wretche's Father who is now to die)

Mont. Hence, hence, lest through thy fond paternal love
Our Sacrifice should vain and fruitlesse prove.

Car. O if thou wert a Father! *Mont.* I am one:
and the Father of an onely Son.

A tender Father too; yet if this were
My *Silvio's* head (by *Silvio's* head I swear)
I would as forward be to do to his

What I must do to this. "For no man is
Worthy this sacred Robe, but he that can
For publick good put off the private man.

Car. Yet let me kisse him 'ere he die. *Mon.* Nor touch.

Car. O mine own flesh and blood! art thou so much
A tyrant to me too, as to afford
To thy afflicted Parent not one word?

Mir. Dear Father, Peace. (*Mon.* Alas! we are all spoild:
The sacrifice (O Heavens!) is defil'd.)

Mir. That blood, that life which thou didst give to me,
Spent for a better cause can never be.

Mont. Did I not say his vow of silence hee
Would break, when he his Fathers tears should see?

Mir.

Mirt. That such a grosse mistake I should commit !
My vow of silence I did quite forgit.

Mon. But Ministers, why do yee gazing stay ?
Him to the Temple quickly reconvey.
There in the holy Cloister again take
The voluntary Oath of him : then back
Returning him with pomp along with you
For a new Sacrifice bring all things new,
New fire, and new water, and new wine.
Quickly : for *Phæbus* doth apace decline.

Scena quinta.

MONTANO, CARINO, DAMETA.

Mon. **N**OW thou old doting fool : thank Heav'n thou art
His Father ; for (by Heav'n) unlesse thou wert,
To day I'd make thee feel my fury, since
Thou hast so much abus'd my Patience.
Knowst thou who I am ? Knowst thou that this wand
Doth both Divine and Humane things command ?

Car. " Let not the Priest of Heav'n offended be
" For begging mercy. *Mont.* I have sufferd thee
Too long, and that hath made thee insolent.
Dost thou not know, " when anger wanteth vent
" In a just bosome, it is gathering strength
" Within, and bursts out with more force at length ?

Car. " An-

Car. "Anger was never in a noble mind
A furious tempest: but a gentle wind
Of Passion onely, which but stirs the soul,
(Where Reason still doth keep her due comptroll)
Left it should grow a standing pool, unfit
For vertuous action. If I cannot get
Thee to extend that mercy which I crave,
I shall demand justice; this I ought to have
from thee. "For they who lawes to others give,
Ought not themselves without all law to live.
And he that is advanc'd to greater sway,
Him that requireth Justice must obey.
And (Witnesse) I require it now of thee;
Not for thy self, if thou wilt not for me.
Thou art unjust if thou *Mixtillo* slay.

Mon. I prethee how? Car. To me didst thou not say,
Thou mightst not offer here a strangers blood?

Mon. I did: and said what Heav'n commanded. Car. Good:
This is a stranger then. Mon. A stranger? what?
He not then thy Son? Car. All's one for that.

Mon. Is't that thou gott'st him in a forraign land?
Car. The more thou seek'st, the lesse thou't understand.

Mon. It skils not here, *where*, but by *whom* hee's got.

Car. I call him stranger, cause I got him not.

Mon. Is hee thy Son then, and not got by thee?

Car. I said he was my Son; not born of me.

Mon. Thy grief hath made thee mad. Car. I would it had!

Should not feel my grief, if I were mad.

Mon. Thou art or mad, or impious, chuse thou whether.

Car. For telling the truth to thee I am neither.

Mon. How can both these (son and not son) be true?

Car. Son of my Love, not of my Loins. *Mon.* Go to; He is no stranger, if he be thy Son:

If he be not, to thee no harm is done.

So Father, or not Father, th' art confuted.

Car. "Truth is truth still: though it be ill disputed.

Mont. "That man that utters contradictions must
"Speak one untruth. *Car.* Thy action is unjust,

I say again. *Mont.* Let all this action's guilt

Light on my head, and on my Son's. *Car.* Thou wilt

Repent it. *Mont.* Thou shalt, if thou wilt not take

Thy hands from off me. *Car.* My appeal I make

To men and Gods. *Mon.* To God; despis'd by thee?

Car. And if thou wilt not hear, hearken to me
O Heav'n and Earth! and thou great Goddesse here

Ador'd! *Mirtillo* is a Forraigner,

No Son of mine: the holy Sacrifice

Thou dost profane. *Mon.* Bless me good Heav'ns from this

Strange man! Say then, if he be not thy Son,

Who is his Father? *Car.* 'Tis to me unknown.

Mo. Is he thy kinsman? *C.* Neither. *M.* Why dost thou then

Call him thy Son? *Car.* 'Cause from the instant when

I had him first, I bred him as mine own

Still with a fatherly affection. (*Ca.* From

Mo. Didst buy him? steal him? from whence hadst him?

Elis (the gift of a strange man). *Mon.* From whom

Had

Had that strange man him? *Ca.* That strange man? why he
Had him of me before. *Mon.* Thou mov'st in me
At the same time both laughter and disdain:
What thou gav'st him, did he give thee again?

Car. I gave to him what was his own; then he
Return'd it as his courteous gift to me.

Mo. And whence hadst thou (since thou wilt make me mad
For company) that which from thee he had?

Car. Within a thicket of sweet Mirtle, I
Had newly found him accidentally,
Neer to *Alfeo's* mouth, and call'd him thence
Mirtillo. *Mon.* With what likely circumstance
Thou dost thy lye embroider? Are there any
Wild beasts within that Forrest? *Car.* Very many.

Mon. Why did not they devour him? *Car.* A strong flood
Had carry'd him into that tuft of wood,
And left him in the lap of a small Isle
Defended round with water. *Mon.* Thou dost file
One Lye upon another well. And was
The flood so pitifull to let him passe
Undrown'd? Such nurses in thy Country are
The Brooks, to foster infants with such care?

Car. He lay within a cradle, which with mud
And other matter gather'd by the flood
Calk't (to keep out the water) like a Boat
Had to that thicket carry'd him afloat.

Mon. Within a cradle lay he? *Car.* Yes. *Mon.* A child
In swathing bands? *Car.* A sweet one; and it smil'd.

Mon. How long ago might this be? *Car.* 'Tis soon cast:
 Since the great Flood some twenty yeers are past,
 And then it was. *Mon.* What horroure do I feel
 Creep thorow my veins! *Car.* He's silenc'd, and yet will
 Be obstinate. "O the strange pride of those
 "In place! who conquer'd, yeeld not: but suppose,
 "Because that they have all the wealth, with it
 "They must be Masters too of all the wit.
 Sure hee's convinc'd; and it doth vex him too,
 As by his mutt'ring he doth plainly show:
 And one may see some colour he would find
 To hide the error of a haughty mind.

Mon. But that strange man of whom thou tel'st me, what
 Was he unto the child? his father? *Car.* That
 I do not know. *Mon.* Nor didst thou ever know
 More of the man then thou hast told mee? *Car.* No.
 Why all these Questions? *Mon.* If thou saw'st him now,
 Should'st know him? *Car.* Yes; he had a beetle-brow,
 A down-look, middle-stature, with black hair,
 His beard and eye-browes did with bristles stare.

Mo. Shepherds & servants mine, approach. *Da.* We are here.

Mon. Which of these shepherds who do now appear,
 To him thou talk'st of likest seems to thee?

Car. Not onely like him, but the same is hee
 Whom thou talk'st with: and still the man doth show
 The same he did some twenty yeers agoe,
 For he hath chang'd no hair, though I am gray.

Mon. Withdraw, and let *Dameta* onely stay.

Tell

Tell me, dost thou know him? *Dam.* I think I doe:

But where, or how I know not. *Car.* I'll renew

Thy memory by tokens. *Mon.* Let me talk

First with him if thou please, and do thou walk

Afide a while. *Car.* Most willingly what thou

Command'st I'll doe. *Mon.* Tell me *Dameta* now,

And do not lie. (*Dam.* O Gods, what storm comes here!)

Mon. When thou cam'st back ('tis since some twenty year)

From seeking of my child, which the swoln Brook

Away together with its cradle took,

Didst thou not tell me thou hadst sought with pain

All that *Alpheo* bathes, and all in vain?

Dam. Why dost thou ask it me? *Mon.* Answer me this:

Didst thou not say thou couldst not find him? *Dam.* Yes.

Mon. What was that little infant then which thou

In *Elis* gav'st to him that knows thee now?

Dam. 'Twas twenty yeers ago; and wouldst thou have

An old man now remember what he gave?

Mon. Hee is old too, and yet remembers it.

Dam. Rather is come into his doting fit.

Mon. That we shall quickly see: Where art thou stranger?

Ca. Here. *Da.* Would thou wert interr'd, & I from danger!

Mon. Is this the Shepherd that bestow'd on thee
The present, art thou sure? *Car.* I'm sure 'tis hee.

Da. What present? *Car.* Dost thou not remember when
In *Jove Olympicks* Fane, thou having then
Newly receiv'd the Oracles reply,
And being just on thy departure, I

Encoun-

Encountred thee, and asking then of thee
 The signes of what th'adst lost, thou toldst them mee;
 Then I did take thee to my house, and there
 Shew'd thee thy child laid in a cradle; where
 Thou gav'st him me. *Dam.* What is inferr'd from hence?

Car. The child thou gav'st me then, and whom I since
 Have brought up, as a tender Father doth
 An onely Son, is this unhappy youth
 Who on this Altar now is doom'd to die
 A Sacrifice. *Dam.* O force of Destinie!

Mon. Art studying for more lyes? Hath this man sed
 The truth or not? *Dam.* Would I were but as dead
 As all is true! *Mon.* That thou shalt quickly be
 If the whole truth thou dost not tell to me.
 Why didst thou give unto another what
 Was not thine own? *Dam.* Dear Master, ask not that;
 For Heav'n's sake do not: too much thou dost know
 Already. *Mon.* This makes me more eager grow.
 Wilt not speak yet? Still keepst thou me in pain?
 Th'art dead if I demand it once again.

Dam. Because the Oracle foretold me there,
 That *if the child then found returned e're*
To his own home, he should be like to die
By's Father's hand. *Car.* 'Tis true, my self was by.

Mon. Ay me! now all is cleer: This act of mine
The Dream and Oracle did well Divine.

Car. What wouldst thou more? can ought behind remain?
 Is it not plain enough? *Mon.* 'Tis but too plain.

I know

I know, and thou hast said too much ; I would
I had search'd lesse, or thou lesse understood.

How (O) *Carino*, have I ta'ne from thee

At once thy Son, and thy Calamitie !

How are thy passions become mine ! this is

My Son : O too unhappy Son, of this

Unhappy man ! O Son preserv'd and kept

More cruelly, then thou from hence wert swept

By the wild flood, to fall by thy Sires hand,

And stain the Altars of thy native Land !

Car. Thou Father to *Mirtillo* ? Wondrous ! How
Didst lose him ? *Mon.* By that horrid flood which thou
Hast mention'd. O deer pledge ! thou wert safe then
When thou wert lost : And now I lose thee, when
I finde thee. *Car.* O eternall Providence !

For what deep end have all these Accidents
Lain hid so long, and now break forth together ?
Some mighty thing thou hast conceived, either
For good or evill : some unwonted birth
Thou art big with, which must be brought on earth.

Mon. This was the thing my Dream foretold me ; too
Prophetick in the bad, but most untrue
In the good part : This 'twas which made me melt
So strangely ; this, that horror which I felt
Creep through my bones, when I heav'd up my hands.
For Nature's self seem'd to recoil, or stand
Astonished, to see a Father go
To give that horrid and forbidden blow.

Car. Thou art resolved then not to go on
With this dire Sacrifice? *Mon.* No other man
May do it here. *Car.* Shall the Son then be slain
By his own Sire? *Mon.* 'Tis law: and who dare strain
His charity to save another man,
When true *Aminta* with himself began?

Car. O my sad Fate! what am I brought to see?

Mon. Two Fathers over-acted Pietie
Murder their son; Thine to *Mirtillo*; mine
To Heav'n. Thou by denying he was thine,
Thought'st to preserve him, and hast lost him; I
(Searching with too much curiosity)
Whilst I was to have sacrific'd thy son
(As I suppos'd) find and must slay my own.

Car. Behold the horrid Monster Fate hath deem'd!
O Cruell! O *Mirtillo*! more esteem'd
By me then life: Was this it which to me
The Oracle foretold concerning thee?
Thus dost thou make me *in my Country* blest?
O my dear Son, whilome the hope and rest,
But now the grief and bane of these gray hairs!

Mon. Prethee *Carino* lend to me those tears:
I weep for mine own blood. (Ah! why, if I
Must spill it, is it mine?) Poor son! but why
Did I beget thee? — (Why was I got rather?)
The pitying deluge fav'd thee, and thy Father
Will cruelly destroy thee. Holy Pow'rs
Immortall (without some command of yours

Not the least wave stirs in the Sea, breath in
The Air, nor leaf on Earth) what monstrous sin
Hath been by me committed 'gainst your Law,
This heavie Judgement on my head to draw?
Or if I have transgress'd so much; wherein
Sinn'd my Son so, ye will not pardon him?
And thou with one blast of thy Anger kill
Me, thundring Jove? But if thy bolts lie still,
My blade shall not: I will repeat the sad
Example of *Aminta*, and the Lad
Shall see his Father through his own heart run
His reeking blade, rather then kill his Son.
Dye then *Montano*; Age should lead the way:
And willingly I do't: Pow'rs (shall I say
Of Heav'n or Hell?) that do with anguish drive
Men to despair; Behold, I do conceive
(Since you will have it so) your fury! I
Desire no greater blessing then to dye.
A kind of dire love to my naturall Gole
Doth lash me on, and hallow to my soul,
To death, To death. Car. 'Las poor old man! in troth
I pity thee: for though we need it both,
Yet as by day the Starrs forbear to shine,
My grief is nothing, if compar'd with thine.

Scena sexta.

TIRENIO, MONTANO, CARINO.

Tir. **M**Ake haste my Son; yet tread secure, that I (wry
 May without stumbling trace thee through this
 And craggy way, with my old feet and blind.
 Thou art their eyes, as I am to thy mind.
 And when thou comest where the Priest is, there
 Arrest thy pace. *Mont.* Hah! whom do I see here?
 Is't not our Reverend *Tirenio*? hee
 Whose eyes are seal'd up earthward, but heav'n see?
 Some great thing draws him from his sacred Cell,
 Whence to behold him is a miracle.

Car. May the good Gods pleas'd in their bounty be
 To make his coming prosperous to thee.

Mont. Father *Tirenio*, what miracle
 Is this? What mak'st thou from thy holy Cell?
 Whom dost thou seek? what news? *Tir.* I come to speak
 With thee: and news I bring, and news I seek.

Mont. But why comes not the holy Order back
 With the purg'd offering, and what doth lack
 Besides to th' interrupted Sacrifice?

Tir. "O how much often doth the want of eyes
 "Adde to the inward sight! for then the soul
 Immo-gadding forth, But recollected whole

"Into

"Into it self, is wont to recompence
"With the mind's eyes the blindnes of the sense!
"It is not good to passe so slightly over
"Some great events unlookt for which discover
"In humane businesses an hand Divine,
"Which through a cloud of seeming chance doth shine.
"For Heav'n with Earth will not familiar be,
"Nor face to face talk with Mortality.
"But those great wondrous things which us amaze,
"And on blind chance the more blind vulgar layes,
"Are but Heav'ns voice: the deathlesse Gods affect
"To speak to mortals in that Dialect.
"It is their language; mute unto our ears,
"But loud to him whose understanding hears.
(A thousand times most happy is that wight
That hath an understanding pitcht so right).
The good *Nicandro* (as thou gav'st command)
Was ready now to bring the sacred Band,
Whom I withheld by reason of a change
That fell out in the Temple. Which so strange
Event, comparing with what happen'd here
At the same time to thee, 'twixt hope and fear
I know not how, strook and amaz'd I stand:
Whereof by how much lesse I understand
The cause, so much the more I hope and fear
Some happinesse, or some great danger neer.

Mon. That which thou understandest not, I do
Too well, and to my sorrow feel it too.

But is there ought in hidden Fate can shun
Thy all divining Spirit? *Tir.* O my Son!

“If the Divine use of prophetick light

“Were arbitrary, it would then be hight

“The gift of Nature, not of Heav’n. I find

(’Tis true) within my undigested mind

That there is something hidden in the deep

Bosome of Fate, which she from me doth keep,

And this hath mov’d me to come now to thee

To be inform’d more cleerly who is he

That’s found to be the Father of the youth

To dye now; if *Nicandro* told us truth.

Mon. Thou knowst him but too well, *Tirenio*:
How wilt thou wish anon that thou didst know

Or love him lesse? *Tir.* “I praise thee O my Son,

“For taking pity and compassion

“On the afflicted: ’tis humanity.

How-ere let me speak with him. *Mon.* Now I see

Heav’n hath suspended in thee all that skill

In Prophecie, which it was wont t’ instill.

That Father whom thou seek’st to speak withall,

Am I. *Tir.* Art thou his Father, that should fall

To *Dian* now an Immolation?

Mon. The wretched Father of that wretched Son.

Tir. Of that same Faithfull Shepherd, who to give
Life to another, would himself not live?

Mon. Of him who dies his Murthresse life to save,
And Murthers me, who unto him life gave.

Tir.

Tir. But is this true? *Mo.* Behold the witneffe. *Car.* That
Which he hath told thee is most true. *Tir.* And what
Art thou that speak'st? *Car.* *Carino*, thought to be
Till now the young mans Father. *Tir.* Was that he
The Flood took from thee long agoe? *Mon.* Yes, yes,
Tirenio. *Tir.* And dost thou stile for this
Thy self a wretched Father? "O how blind
"Is an unhallow'd and terrestriall mind!
"In what thick mists of errour, how profound
"A night of Ignorance are our souls drown'd,
"Till thou enlighten them, from whom the Sun
"Receives his lustre, as from him the Moon!
Vain men, how can you boast of knowledge so?
"That part of us by which we see and know,
"Is not our vertue, but deriv'd from Heav'n,
"That gives it, and can take what it hath giv'n.
O in thy mind, *Montano*, blinder far,
Then I am in mine eyes! What Juggler,
What dazeling Divell will not let thee see
That if this noble youth was born of thee,
Thou art the happiest Father and most deer
To the immortall Deities, that e're
Begot Son in the world? Behold the deep
Secret, which Fate did from my knowledge keep!
Behold the happy day, with such a flood
Expected of our tears, and of our blood!
Behold the blessed end of all our pain!
Where art thou man? come to thy self again.

How

How is it that thou onely dost forget
 That famous happy Oracle that's writ
 In all Arcadian hearts ? How can it be
 That with thy deer son's lightning upon thee
 This day, thy sense is not prepar'd and cleer
 The thunder of that heav'nly voice to hear ;

Your Woe shall end when two of Race Divine

Love shall Combine : —

(Tears of delight in such abundance flow
 Out of my heart, I cannot speak.) *Your Woe —*

Your Woe shall end when two of Race Divine

Love shall Combine :

And for a faithlesse Nymph's apostate state

A Faithfull Shepherd supererogate.

Now tell me thou : This Shepherd here of whom
 We speak, and that should dye, is he not come
 Of *Divine Race* (*Montano*) if hee's thine ?

And *Amarillis* too of *Race Divine* ?

Then who I pray but *Love* hath them combin'd ?

Silvio by parents and by force was joyn'd

To *Amarillis*, and is yet as far

From loving her, as *Love* and *Hatred* are.

Then scan the rest, and 't will be evident,

The fatall voice none but *Mirtillo* meant.

For who indeed, since slain *Aminta*, hath

Expres'd such *Love* as he ? such constant *Faith* ?

Who but *Mirtillo* for his Mistresse wou'd

Since true *Aminta*, spend his dearest blood ?

This

This is that work of *Supererogation* :
This is that *faithfull Shepherds* expiation
For the *Apostate* false *Lucrina's* fact.
By this admir'd and most stupendious A&
More then with humane blood the wrath of heav'n
Is pacifi'd, and satisfaction giv'n
Unto eternall Justice for th' offence
Committed 'gainst it by a woman. Hence
It was, that he no sooner came to pay
Devotions in the Temple, but streightway
All monstrous omens ceas'd ; *No longer stood*
Th' eternall Image in a sweat of blood,
The earth no longer shook, the holy Cave
No longer stank, and shrieks no longer gave;
But such sweet harmony and redolence
As Heav'n affords (if Heav'n affect the sense).
O Providence eternall ! O ye Powers
That look upon us from yon azure Towers !
If all my words were souls, and every soule
Were sacrific'd upon your Altars whole,
It were too poor a Hecatomb to pay
So great a blessing with : but as I may,
(Behold !) I tender thanks, and with my knee
Touching the earth in all humilitie
Look up on you that sit inthron'd in heav'n.
How much am I your debtor, that have giv'n
Me leave to live till now ! I have run o're
Of my life's race a hundred yeers and more,

Yet

Yet never liv'd till now, could never deem
 My life worth keeping till this instant time.
 Now I begin my life, am born to day.
 But why in words do I consume away
 That time that should be spent in works? Help Son
 To lift me up: Thou art the motion
 Of my decayed limbs. *Mon. Tirenio,*
 I have a lightnesse in my bosom so
 Lock't in, and petrifi'd with wonder, that
 I find I'm glad, yet scarcely know at what.
 My greedy soule unto her self alone
 Keeps all her joy, and lets my sense have none.
 O miracle of Heav'n! farre, farre beyond
 All we have seen, or e're did understand!
 O unexampled Bounty! O the great
 Great mercy of the Gods! O fortunate
 Arcadia! O earth, of all that e're
 The Sun beheld or warm'd, most blest, most deer
 To Heav'n! Thy weal's so deer to me, mine own
 I cannot feel, nor think upon my Son
 (Twice lost and found) nor of my self buoy'd up
 Out of the depth of sorrow, to the top
 Of blisse, when I consider thee: but all
 My private joy, set by the generall,
 Is like a little drop in a great stream
 Shuffled and lost. O happy dream! (no dream,
 But a Celestiall vision.) *Now agin*
Shall my Arcadia (as thou said'st) be in

A flourishing Estate : But why dost thou
Stay here, *Montano* ? Heav'n expects not now
More humane Sacrifice from us. No more
Th' are times of wrath and vengeance (as before)
But times of grace and love ; glad nuptiall bands,
Not horrid Sacrifices at our hands

Our Goddesse now requires. *Tir.* How long to night ?

Mon. An hour, or little more. *Tir.* We burn day-light :
Back to the holy Temple let us go ;

There let the daughter of old *Titiro*
And thy Son interchange their Marriage vow
To become Man and Wife, of Lovers now.
Then let him bring her to his Father's straight,
Where 'tis Heav'n's pleasure, that these fortunate
Descendents of two Gods, should henceforth run
United in one stream. — Lead me back, Son :
And thou *Montano*, follow me. *Mon.* But stay :
That faith which formerly she gave away
To *Silvio*, she cannot now withdraw
And give *Mirtillo*, without breach of Law.

Car. 'Tis *Silvio* still, *Mirtillo* was call'd so
At first (thy man told me) and *Silvio*
By mee chang'd to *Mirtillo*, to which hee
Consented. *Mon.* True : (now I remember me)
And the same name I gave unto the other,
To keep alive the memory of's Brother.

Tir. 'Twas an important doubt. Follow me now.

Mon. *Carino*, to the temple too come thou.

D d

Henceforth

Pastor fido.

Henceforth *Mirtillo* shall two Fathers own :
Thou hast a Brother found, and I a Son.

Car. To thee a Brother in his love, a Father
To him, a Servant (in respect) to either
Carino will be alwayes : And since I
Find thee to me so full of courtesie,
I will the boldnesse take to recommend
Unto thy love my second self, my friend.

Mon. Share me between you. *Car.* O eternall Gods,
“Between our pray’rs slow-winding paths, what odds
“There is (by which we climb to Heav’n) and those
“Dire&ter lines by which to us Heav’n bowes !

Scena septima.

CORISCA, LINCO.

Cor. SO it seems, *Linco*, that coy *Silvio*
When least expected, did a Lover grow.
But what became of her ? *Lin.* We carry’d her
To *Silvio*’s dwelling, where with many a tear
(Whether of joy or grief, I cannot tell)
His Mother welcom’d her. It pleas’d her well
To see her Son now marryed, and a Lover ;
But for the Nymph great grief she did discover.
Poor Mother-in-law ! ill sped, though doubly sped :
One Daughter-in-law being hurt, the other dead.

Cor.

Cor. Is *Amarillis* dead? *Lin.* 'Tis rumour'd so:
That's now the cause I to the temple go,
To comfort old *Montano* with this newes,
One Daughter-in-law he gains, if one he lose.

Cor. Is not *Dorinda* dead then? *Lin.* Dead? would thou
Wert half so live and jocund as Shee's now!

Cor. Was't not a mortal wound? *Li.* Had she been slain,
With *Silvio's* pity she had liv'd again.

Cor. What Art so soon could cure her? *Lin.* I will tell
Thee all the cure. Listen t' a miracle.
With trembling hearts, and hands prepar'd to aid,
Women and men stood round the wounded Maid;
But she would suffer none to touch her save
Her *Silvio*; for the same hand which gave,
She said, should cure the wound. So all withdrew
Except my self, he, and his Mother: two
T' advise, the third to act. Then *Silvio*
Removing first from her blood-dapled snow
Gently the cleaving garments, strove to pluck
The arrow out, which in her deep wound stuck.
But the false wood (forthcoming) gave the slip
To th' iron head, and left it in her Hip.
Here, here the lamentable cryes began:
It was not possible by hand of man,
Or iron instrument, or ought beside
To get it out. Perchance t'ave open'd wide
The wound b' a greater wound, and so have made
One iron dive after another, had

Effected the great cure. But *Silvio's* hand,
Too pitifull, too much with Love unmann'd
The Surgeon was, so cruelly to heal.
Love searches not with instruments of steel
The wounds he makes. As for the love-sick Maid,
In *Silvio's* hands her wounds grew sweet, she said.
And *Silvio* said (not yet discouraged)
Thou shalt out too, thou shalt, curst Arrow-head,
And with lesse pain then is believ'd : the same
Who thrust thee in, can pull thee out again.
By using hunting I have learn'd to cure
This mischief which my hunting did procure.
A plant there is much us'd by the wild Goat
When there's a shaft into her body shot :
She shew'd it us, and Nature shew'd it her :
(Remembred happily !) nor is it far
From hence. Streight went he to the neighb'ring hill,
And there a flasket with this Plant did fill ;
Then came again to us : thence squeezing out
The juice, and mingling it with Centry root
And Plantain leafe, thereof a pultise made.
O wonderfull ! as soon as that was laid
Upon the sore, the blood was stanch'd streight,
And the pain ceased ; and soon after that,
The iron coming without pain away,
Did the first summons of the hand obey :
The Maid was now as vigorous and found,
As if she never had receiv'd the wound.

Nor mortall was't ; for th' arrow having flown
(As hapt) betwixt the muscles and the bone,
Pierc'd but the fleshy part. *Cor.* Thou hast displaid
Much vertue in a plant, more in a Maid.

Lin. What afterwards between 'em happened
May better be imagined then sed :
This I am sure, *Dorinda*'s well again,
And now can stir her body without pain :
Though thou believ'st, *Corisca*, I suppose
H'ath giv'n her since more wounds then that : but those,
As they are made b' a diffrent weapon, so
Themselves are of a diffrent nature too.
And such a trick this cruell Archer has,
Of hitting all he shoots at since he was
A Huntsman ; that to shew hee's still the same,
Now hee's a Lover too, he hits the Game.

Cor. Old *Linco* still ! *Lin.* Faith, my *Corisca*, still ;
If not in strength, I'm *Linco* in my will.
Nor yet, though my leafe's witherd, am I dead :
But all my sap into the root is fled.

Cor. My Rivall thus dispatch'd, I'll now go see:
If I can get my deer *Mirtillo* free.

Scena ottava.

ERGATO, CORISCA.

Erg. **O** Day with wonders fraught ! O day of mirth!
 All Love ! and blessings all ! O happy earth!
 O bounteous heav'n ! *Cor.* But see ! *Ergasto's* here :
 How opportunely doth he now appear !

Erg. At such a time let every living thing,
 Heav'n, Earth, Air, Fire, the whole world laugh and sing.
 To hell it self let our full joyes extend,
 And there the torments of the damn'd suspend.

Cor. What rapture's this ! *Er.* Blest woods ! whose murmu-
 When we lamented did lament, rejoyce (ring voyce
 At our joyes too, and wag as many tongues
 As you have leaves now dancing to the songs
 Of the pleas'd Birds, and musick of the Air
 Which rings with our delight. Sing of a pair
 Of noble Lovers the felicitie
 Unparalell'd. *Cor.* He doth speak certainly
 Of *Silvio* and *Dorinda* ? Every thing
 I see, would live. "How soon the shallow spring
 "Of tears dryes up with us ! but the swoln river
 "Of gladnesse tarries with the longer liver.
 Of *Amarillis*, who is dead, there's now
 No more discourse : the onely care is how

To

"To laugh with them that laugh ; and tis well done :

"Each man hath too much sorrow of his own.

Whither (so glad) *Ergasto* dost thou go ?

Unto a Wedding happily ? *Erg.* I do

Indeed. Hast heard *Corisca* then, the wonder

O'th' two blest Lovers ? was't not strange ? *Cor.* I under-

stood it of *Linco* now with joy of heart,

Which my great grief doth mitigate in part

For the sad death of *Amarillis*. *Erg.* How !

Whom dost thou speak of, or speak I thinkst thou ?

Cor. Why, of *Dorinda*, and of *Silvio*.

Erg. What *Silvio* ? what *Dorinda* ? Dost not know

Then what hath past ? My joy its lineage drawes

From a more high, stupendious, noble Cause.

Of *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* I

Discourse (the happiest Pair that this day frye

Under the torrid Zone of Love). *Cor.* Is not

Then *Amarillis* dead, *Ergasto* ? *Erg.* What

Death ? She's alive, glad, beauteous, and a Wife.

Cor. Thou mock'st me Shepherd. *Er.* No, upon my life.

Cor. Was she not then condemn'd ? *Er.* She was, 'tis true :

But presently she was acquitted too.

Cor. Do I dream this ? or dost thou dreams relate ? }
}

Erg. Stay here a little, thou shalt see her straight }
}

Come with her faithfull and most fortunate

Mirtillo, from the temple (where they're now,

And interchanged have their Nuptiall vow)

Towards *Montano's* : of the bitter root

Of their long Loves to gather the sweet fruit.
 O hadst thou seen mens joyes spring in their eyes!
 If thou hadst heard the musick of their cryes!
 The temple's still as full as it can hold
 Of numbers numberlesse: Men, women, old,
 Young, Prelates, Laymen, are confounded there
 Together, and distracted cannot bear
 Their joy. With wonder every one doth run
 To see the happy couple, every one
 Adores them, every one embraces them.
 Their pity one extols, another's theme
 Their constant faith is, or those graces giv'n
 To them by Nature, or infus'd from Heav'n.
 The laund, the dale, the mountain, and the plain
 Resound *the faithfull Shepherd's* glorious name,
 O happy, happy Lover, to become
 From a poor Swain, almost a God so soon;
 From death to life (whilst I speak this) to passe,
 And change a winding-sheet (which ready was)
 For a remote despair'd-of Nuptiall,
 Though it be much, *Corisca*, is not all.
 But to enjoy her, whom he seem'd t' enjoy
 In dying for her, her who would destroy
 Her selfe, not to excuse, but share his Fate,
 (His Mate in life, and not in death his Mate!)
 This is such joy, such ravishing joy is this
 As doth exceed all we can fancie Blisse.
 And dost not thou rejoyce? and apprehend

A joy for *Amarillis*, that's thy Friend
As great as that which I doe for my true
Mirtillo? *Cor.* Yes, dost thou not see I doe?

Erg. O! if thou hadst present been
Amarillis to have seen,
As the pledge of Faith when she
Gave her hand to him, and he
As the pledge of Love did either
Give or receive (I know not whether)
A sweet inestimable kisse,
Surely thou hadst dy'd of blisse.
There was Scarlet, there were Roses,
All the colours, all the posies
Art or Nature ere did mix
Were excell'd by her pure cheeks,
Cover'd with a waving shield
By her blushing Beauty held,
Stain'd with blood, which did provoke
From the striker a new stroke.
And shee coy and nice in show,
Seem'd to shun, that shee might so
With more pleasure meet the blow,
Leaving it in doubt, if that
Kisses were ravish'd, or not.
With such admirable Art,
'Twas in part bestow'd, in part
Snatch'd from her: And that disdain
Which she did so sweetly fain,

E c

Was

Was a willing No ; an A&t
 Mixt of Conquest and Compact.
 Such a coming in her flying
 As shew'd yeelding in denying.
 Such sweet anger at th' abuse
 In forcing her, as forc'd him use
 That force again ; such art to crave
 The thing she would not, yet would have,
 As drew him the faster on
 To snatch that which would be gone.
 O heav'nly kisse ! *Corisca*, I
 Can no longer hold ; God bu'y.
 " I'le marry too, The Powr's above
 " Give no true joy to men, but Love.

Cor. If he (*Corisca*) have told truth, this day
 Quite cures thy wits, or takes them quite away.

Scena nona.

*Chorus of Shepherds, CORISCA,
 AMARILLIS, MIRTILLO.*

Cho. **H**oly Hymen bear our pray'r
 And our Song ! The Earth hath not
 A more happy loving pair :
 Both of them Divinely got ;
 Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

Cor.

Cor. Ay me ! *Ergasto* told me true (I see)
This is the fruits (wretch) of thy vanitie.
O thoughts ! O wishes ! as unjust, as vain
And fond. Would I an innocent have slain
To compasse my unbridled will ! So blind,
So cruell was I ? Who doth now unbind
Mine eyes ? Ah wretch ! what do I see ? my sin
With the mask off just as 'tis here within.

Cho. *Holy Hymen* hear our pray'r
And our song ! *The Earth* hath not
A more happy loving Pair :
Both of them divinely got :
Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.
See (thou *Faithfull Shepherd*) where
After many a briny tear,
After many a stormy blast,
Thou art landed now at last !
Is not this (behold her !) shee
Heav'n and Earth deny'd to thee ?
And thy cruell *Destinie* ?
'And her *Icie Chastitic* ?
'And thy degree so far beneath ?
'And thy *Contract* ? and thy *Death* ?
Yet *Mirtillo* (loe !) shee's thine.
That sweet face, those eyes divine,
Brest and hands, and all that thou
See'st and hear'st, and touchest now,
And so often hast in vain

Was a willing No ; an A&t
 Mixt of Conquest and Compact.
 Such a coming in her flying
 As shew'd yeelding in denying.
 Such sweet anger at th' abuse
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Cor. If he (*Corisca*) have told truth, this day
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Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.
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After many a stormy blast,
Thou art landed now at last !
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Heav'n and Earth deny'd to thee ?
And thy cruell Destinie ?
And her Icie Chastitie ?
And thy degree so far beneath ?
And her Contract ? and thy Death ?
Yet *Mirtillo* (loe !) shee's thine.
That sweet face, those eyes divine,
Brest and hands, and all that thou
See'st and hear'st, and touchest now,
And so often hast in vain

Sigh'd for, now thou dost obtain,
 As thy constant Love's reward :
 Yet thy lips hath silence barr'd ?

Mir. ' Cannot speak : I do not know
 Whether I'm alive or no.
 Or if these things really be
 Which I seem to hear and see.

Sweetest *Amarillis* mine,
 (For my soul is lodg'd in thine)
 I from thee would gladly know,
 (Tell me Love) are these things so ?

Cho. *Holy Hymen* bear our pray'r
 And our song ! *The Earth* hath not
 A more happy loving Pair :
 Both of them divinely got :
 Pull holy *Hymen*, pull the destin'd knot.

Cor. But why do you, you still about me stay,
 Arts to deceive the world, arts to betray ?
 (The body's robes, but the souls rags.) For one,
 I'm sure shee's couzen'd by you, and undone.
 Pack hence : and as from worms ye had your birth,
 Return to worms, and strew your grandame earth.
 Once ye were weapons of lascivious Love :
 But now the trophies of fair Vertue prove.

Cho. *Holy Hymen* bear our pray'r
 And our Song ! *The Earth* hath not
 A more happy loving pair :
 Both of them Divinely got ;

Pull

Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

Cor. What stick'st thou at *Corisca*? 'tis a day
Of Pardons this: then ask without dismay.
What dost thou dread? no punishment what-ere
Can fall so heavie, as thy fault lies here.

Fair, and happy pair (the Love
Of us here, and those above)
If all earthly Pow'r this day
To your conquering Fates give way,
Let her likewise Homage doe
To your conquering Fates, and you,
Who all earthly Pow'r imploy'd
To have made their Ord'nance voyd.

Amarillis (true it is)

He had mine, who had thy heart:
But thou onely hast gain'd his,
'Cause thou onely worthy art.
Thou enjoy'st the loyall'st Lad
Living; and *Mirtillo* thou
The best Nymph the world ere had
From the birth of Time till now:
I the touch-stone was to both,
Try'd her chastitie, his troth.
But thou (Courteous Nymph) before
Thou on me thy anger powre,
Look but on thy Bridegrooms Face:
Something thou wilt spy therein
That will force thee to shew grace,

As it forced mee to sin.
 For so sweet a Lovers sake
 Upon love no vengeance take ;
 But since thou the flames dost prove,
 Pardon thou the fault of Love.

Am. I do not onely pardon, but respect
 Thee as my friend, regarding the effect,
 And not the cause. "For poysons if they make
 "Us well, the name of soveraign Med'cines take;
 "And painfull lancements for that cause are dear :
 So whether friend or foe, or whatso e're
 Thou wert to me in purpose and intent ;
 Yet my Fate us'd thee as her instrument
 To work my blisse, and that's enough : for me
 'Twas a good Treason, a blest Fallacy
 I'm sure. And if thou please to grace our Feast,
 And to rejoyce with us, thou art my guest.

Cor. Thy pardon is to me a better feast :
 A greater joy, my conscience now at rest.

Mir. And I all faults 'gainst me can pardon wel,
 But this long stop. *Cor.* Joys on you both ! Farewell.

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song ! The Earth bath not
A more happy loving Pair :
Both of them divinely got :
Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

Scena decima.

M I R T I L L O, A M A R I L L I S.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Mir. **A** M I so wedded then to grief and anguish,
That in the midst of joy too I must languish?
Was not this tedious pomp enough delay,
But I must meet too my old Remora
Corisca? *Am.* Thou art wondrous hasty. *Mir.* O
My treasure! yet I am not sure; but go
In fear of robbing still, till as my Spouse
I doe possesse thee in my Fathers house.
To tell thee true, me thinks I fare like one
Who dreams of wealth, and ever and anon
Fears that his golden sleep will break, and he
Be wak'd a beggar. I would gladly be
Resolv'd by some more pregnant proof, that this
Sweet waking now is not a dream of blisse.

Cho. Holy Hymen hear our pray'r
And our Song! The earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

CHORUS,

C H O R U S.

O Happy couple! that hath sown in Tears
And reaps in Comfort! What a foil your fears
Prove to your joyes! Blind Mortals, learn from hence,
Learn (ye effeminate) the difference
Betwixt true goods and false. All is not joy
That tickles us: Nor is all that annoy
That goes down bitter. "True joy is a thing
That springs from Vertue after suffering.

F I N I S.



Presented
 TO HIS HIGHNESSE
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
 At his going into the West,
Ann. M. DC. XLV.

Together with
CESAR'S COMMENTARIES.

Sir,

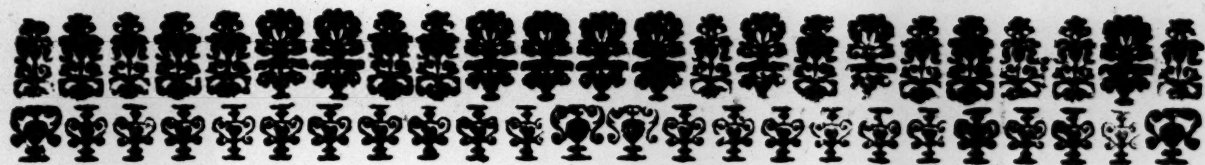


Ow that your Father, with the World's applause
 Imployes your early Valour in his Cause,
 Set *Cesar's* glorious Acts before your fight,
 And know the man that could so *doe* and *write*.
 View him in all his postures, see him mix
Terrour with *love*, *Morals* with *Politicks*.
 That courage, which when fortune ebb'd did flow,
 Which never trampled on a prostrate Foe,
 Admire and emulate. Before hee fought,
 Observe how *Peace* by him was ever sought:

(218)

How bloodlesse Victories best pleas'd him still,
Grieving as oft as he was forc'd to kill.
How most religiously he kept his word,
And conquer'd more that way then by the sword.
In whom was all wee in a King could crave,
Except that *Right* which you shall one day have.
Yet think (Sir) it imports you to make good
With all his worth the title of your blood.

Presented



Presented
TO HIS HIGHNESSE,
In the the West, Ann.Dom. 1646

GRow Royall Plant, born for your Country's good,
 The hoped cure of our great flux of blood.
 That *Union*, and that peacefull golden Age,
 W^{ch} to your Grandfire * ancient *Bards* presage,
 And we suppos'd fulfill'd in Him, appears
 By Fate reserved for your riper yeers.
 And *Thou*, self-hurt since that half-*Union* more
 Then ever, *Britain*, thou hadst been before,
 Raise thy dejected head, bind up thy hair
 With peacefull Olive, all those things repair
 Which fire and sword deface, and call agen
 To their spoyl'd mansions thy fled Husbandmen.
 They need not fear to come, this *Prince's* Starrs
 Promise an end to all our *Civill Warrs*.
 Never shall *English Scots*, nor *Scots* again
 Infest the *English* with dire feuds, and stain
 Their swords in brothers blood, thy Towns lay waste:
 But their hands (prompt to War) henceforth make haste

* *Buchanan*
 in his *Geneb-*
liacon to King
James, out of
 which this is
 taken.

To clasp in an eternall League. And You
 (Blest Parents of a blessed Son) add to
 His great *Birth* equall *Breeding*; *Civill Arts*
 To *Arts of Warre*, and *Pietie* to *Parts*.
 No Ship the Rudder so much turns and windes
 As *Princes* manners do their *Peoples* mindes.
 Not *Prisons*, *penall Lawes*, sharp *Whips*, severe
Axes, with all the instruments of fear
 Can so constrain, as the dumb eloquence
 Of *Vertue*; and the love and reverence
 Of a well-govern'd Scepter shall perswade
 Their wils, by *great Examples* eas'ly sway'd.
 As when th' Arabian *Phœnix* doth return
 From his perfumed cradle (his Sires Urn)
 Where e're he flyes the feather'd people throng
 With acclamations to salute the young
 Admired King, not for his purple Seares
 And golden Pounce (the *Regall marks* hee bears),
 Nor that he's rarely scen; but 'cause he brings
 His Fathers honour'd ashes on his wings,
 And funerall odours, that it may be known
 He climb'd not till his death his spicie throne:
 (This *Pietie*, a Vertue understood
 By brutes, attracts them: such a sense of good
Nature that heav'nly Steward doth dispense
 To every living thing that hath but sense)
 So do *the People* fix their eyes upon
The King; admire, love, honour *Him* alone.

In *Him*, as in a glasse, their manners view
 And frame, and copie what they see *Him* doe.
 That which the murthering *Cannon* cannot force,
 Nor plumed Squadrons of steel-glittering *Horse*,
Love can : In this *the People* strive t' out-doe
The King ; and when they find they're lov'd, love too.
 They serve, because they need not serve : and if
 A good *Prince* slack the reins, they make them stiffe ;
 And of their own accords invite that yoke,
 Which, if inforc't on them, they would have broke.
 And *Hee* again, with this more tender grown,
 More *Father of his People*, on his *owne*
Shoulders assumes *their burthens*, beats the way
 Which they must tread, and is the first t' obey
 What he *commands* ; to pardon *others* prone,
 Inexorable to *himself* alone.
 Neither in Diet, Clothes, nor Train will *He*
 Exceed those banks should bound ev'n *Majesty* ;
 Nor rush like beasts to Venus, but confine
 His chaste desires to his own geniall *Vine*.
 Who will with Silks his manly limbs un-nerve,
 That sees domestick *Wooll* his *Soveraign* serve ?
 Who can the married bed too narrow think,
 Which holds a *King* ? or drown himself in drink
 Under a sober *Prince* ? Who'l dare t' import
 Beyond-sea vices to infect a Court,
 And make his body with excesse and ease
 A sink to choak his soul in, when he sees

A Monarch curb his pleasures, and suppress
Those weeds which make a Man a Wilderness.
Such golden ~~Tiber~~ saw the peacefull Throne
Of holy Numa, that of Solomon
Palmie Euphrates. 'Twas not the keen blade,
Or the thick quilted numerous Legion made
Those Thrones secure: 'Twas not the warlike Steed,
Nor the sythe-armed Chariots furious speed:
But Wisdome, Mercy, (which no harm will cause)
And Majestie, fenc'd with unarmed Lawes.
Whilest that great Captain, who the World had quell'd,
And those proud Lords that Rome in bondage held,
By steel or poyson ended their short date
Of pow'r, and blood with blood did expiate.
Frank Nature never gave a better thing,
Nor ever will to men, then a good King;
In whom his own true Image God doth place.
This, whether Kings shall in themselves deface
By ougly Vice, or other men by wit
Or force demolish, God will punish it
As a high Sacrilege, and will not see
Himself abused in Effigie.
So cruell Nero, fierce Domitian so,
And the Sicilian Tirants, whilst they throw
Dirt in their Makers face with their black deeds,
Are from the earth cut off, they and their seeds.
So those rebellious servants that durst joyn
Against their Lords, and impious Cataline

That

That strove to wrest the sword from *them* to whom
 It was committed *by the Lawes of Rome*,
 Pursu'd to fury and despair, did make
 Hard shift by a most wretched death to shake
 Their loathed lives off, leaving on their name
 The blot and brand of never-dying shame.
 These *lessons* let his tender yeers *receive*;
 His riper, *practise*: And let him believe,
 'Tis not so much both Indies to command,
 As first to rule *himself*, and then a *Land*.

FINIS.

Pag. 82. lin. 12. for *love* read *lose*.
 pag. 147. l. 5. for *more* read *worse*.